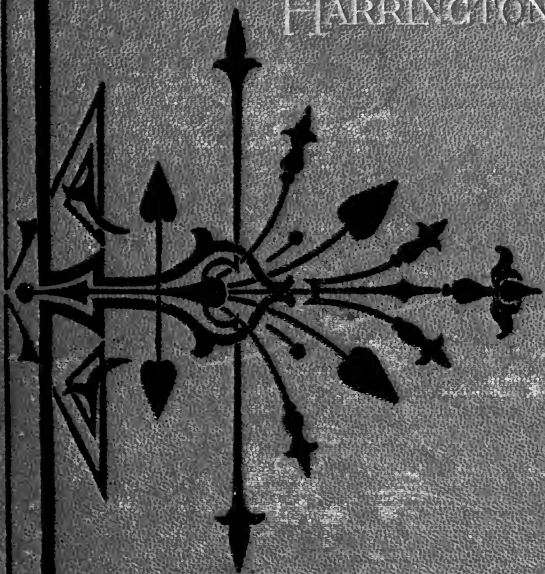


EDNA

HARRINGTON



CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION



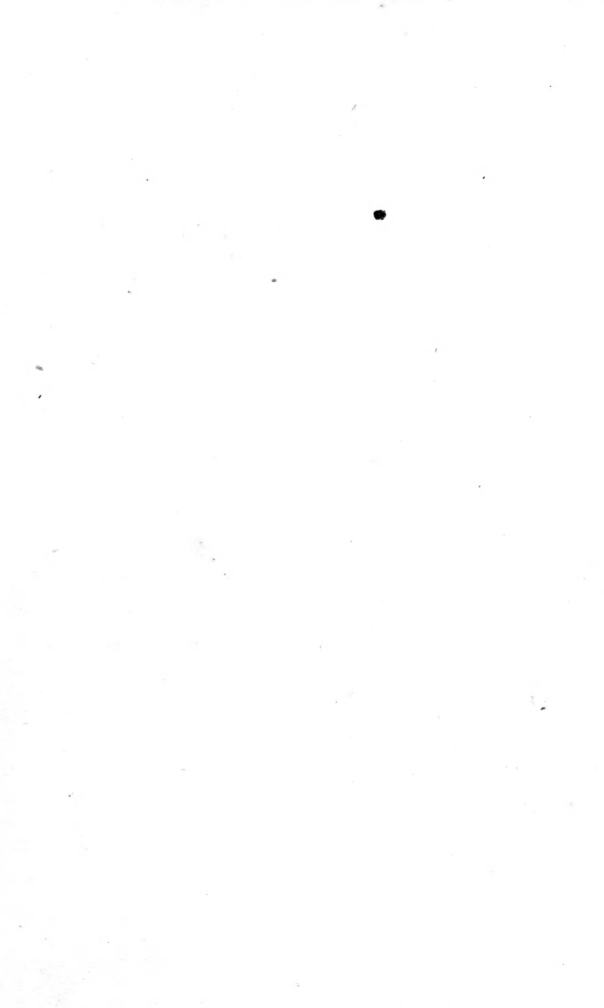
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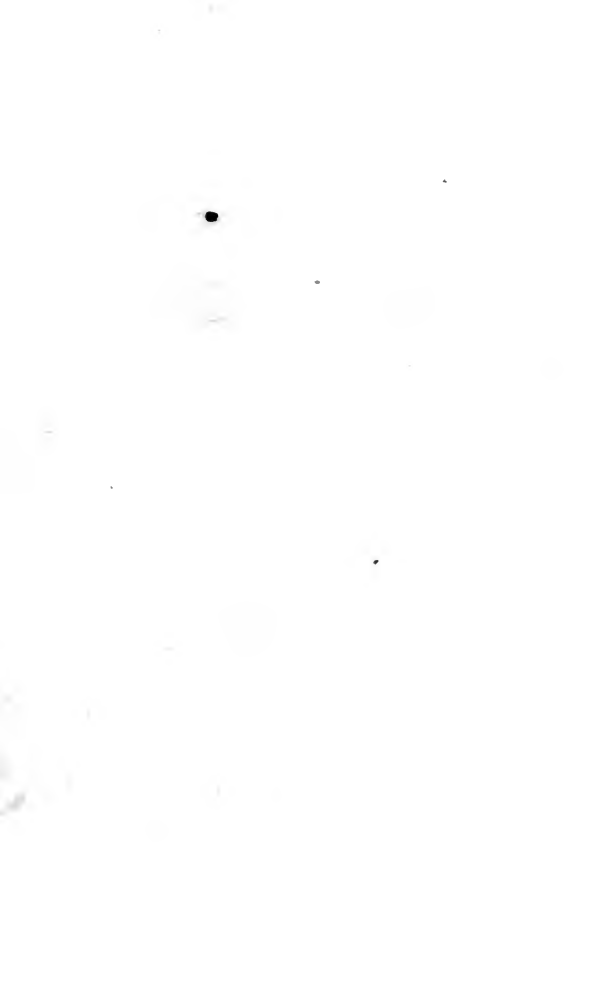
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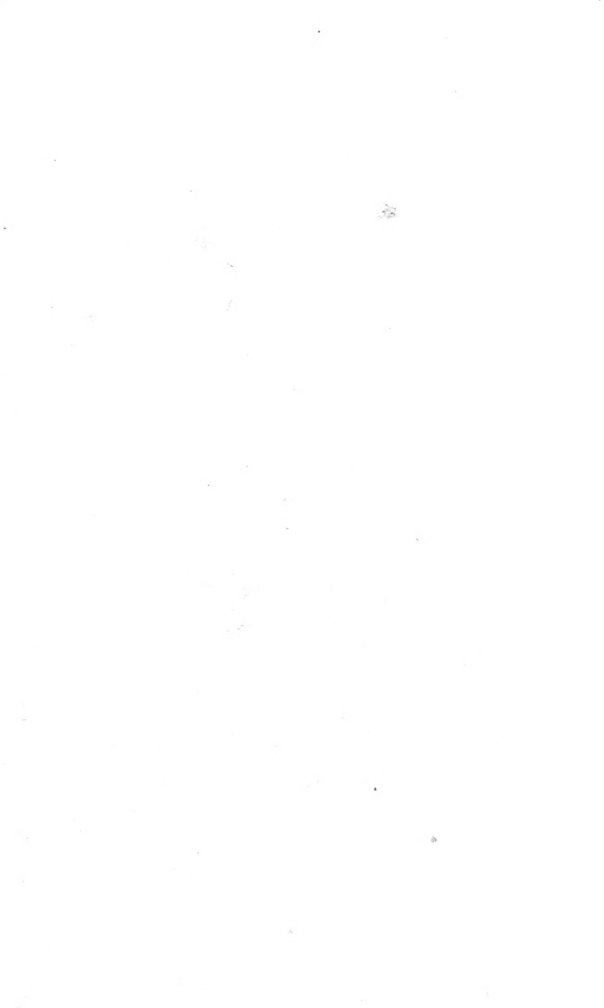
Mrs Mary Phelps
from her sister
Lutheria F. Phelps

Healdsburg Dec. 2 1877











EDNA HARRINGTON ;
OR,
THE DAUGHTER'S INFLUENCE
IN
THE HOME CIRCLE.



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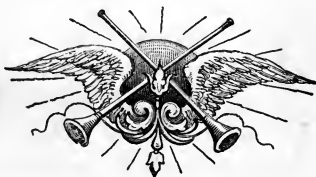
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EDNA HARRINGTON.

I.

A LETTER FROM EDNA.

“**D**EAR me! what makes father so late? I have an engagement this evening. Dick Marvin, an old college friend, is in the city for a few days, and I promised to meet him at the Continental at eight. It is nearly half-past seven now. Can’t we have supper, mother?”

“Please wait a few moments longer, my son. I am sure he will be here very

soon. Listen; that is his step now. Louise, dear, ring for Bridget, and order tea at once."

A few moments more pass, and the little group have gathered around the ample board, and are doing full justice to this last most sociable meal of the day. It is a pleasant picture to look upon. Mr. Harrington, the father, is a large, finely-developed man, a little past fifty, and, notwithstanding the careworn expression of his somewhat stern face, is still very good-looking. Mrs. Harrington, his wife, is a sweet, motherly woman, several years younger than her husband. The three daughters are all lovely girls. Louise, the eldest of the three, is just seventeen, tall, slender, dark hair and eyes, with her mother's quiet, gentle manners, and sweet, womanly face. Edward, the only son of the house, the pride and joy of his fond

mother's heart, is a tall, dark-haired, heavy-whiskered youth, some twenty-three or twenty-four years of age. He would be very handsome were it not for the careless, don't-care look on his otherwise expressive face. Heaven help the youth ! If he comes in the way of temptation, we fear he will not have the strength to resist it. The two younger sisters are twins, some twelve or thirteen years of age—Nora and Eva ; and so strong is the resemblance that strangers cannot tell them apart. They are bright, healthy little misses, very fond of their handsome brother, but just a little in awe of their tall and stately father.

“Any letters, husband ? ” Mrs. Harrington gently inquired, as she handed him his second cup of tea, after they had been seated at the table some ten minutes.

"Yes, several; one for you from Weston."

"From Weston? O husband, give it to me at once. It must be from Edna. The dear child, I have been thinking about her all the afternoon. I hope she is coming home soon."

"No, wife, you can't have it till you have drunk your tea. Let me help you to something more."

"No, thank you; I am very well helped."

"You should not have mentioned the letter, father, till we had finished supper. You see that it has taken mother's appetite all away," was Louise's quiet remark.

Soon they all rise from the supper-table and adjourn to the back parlor, which is the room they usually occupy when no guests are present. It is a neat, cosy, luxuriously-furnished room,

but so much like scores of others, that we will not stop to describe it.

"Now, mother dear, please open the letter and let us hear what Edna writes. I am in a great hurry, but can wait a few moments. Hope she is coming home soon; am very anxious to have my friend Dick see her. I think Edna will be pleased with him. He is so clever, has read so many books, seen so much of the world; and then he is such a good, grandfatherly sort of a fellow."

Mrs. Harrington opens the letter with almost girlish eagerness; but she must first run it over hastily before reading it aloud. Girls frequently write things to their mothers and sisters which they would not breathe to their brothers and fathers.

And now with eager curiosity they all impatiently wait for her to commence. The father, seated in his easy chair, with

his evening paper unopened, sits wiping his spectacles. Edward, with hat and cane in hand, looks every two minutes at his watch. The twins are on either side of her, looking eagerly into her face; but Louise, the gentle girl-woman, is the first to notice that one big tear after another is slowly stealing down her cheek, that her hand trembles so that she can hardly hold the paper. Without a word she quietly motions to her father, and in another moment he is at her side.

“My precious wife, what is amiss? What has happened to our child? Why these tears?”

“Nothing is amiss. I did not know that I was weeping; but if I am, they are tears of joy. Forgive me, husband; I forgot that you were all waiting to hear the letter read aloud. It seems they have been having a very interest-

ing revival in Weston, this spring, in connection with the church which my sister attends, and that Edna, with some twenty-five others, thinks she has found the Saviour, is a Christian, and intends, the first opportunity she has after she returns home, openly to profess him before men."

"Is that all, wife?" And Mr. Harrington turns from her with an impatient gesture, seats himself again in his easy chair, puts on his spectacles, and commences reading his evening paper.

Edward makes no remark, but, without so much as "Good evening" to his mother and sisters, moves towards the hall door.

"Wait a moment, my son; do not go; I will read what she writes."

"I have heard enough. I do not care to hear more. My beautiful sister turned Puritan! Farewell to all en-

joyment with her hereafter. You know I was opposed to her going to Weston from the first. We might have known what the effect would be of having her all these weeks under the influence of such a long-faced, psalm-singing, blue Presbyterian. Might as well have sent her to a convent and done with it."

"Edward, my son," and there was a sternness in his manner which fairly frightened the twins, "how can you speak thus of so excellent a woman as your Aunt Dorothy, your mother's only sister? I would to God you and I were more like her; we should be much better men than we are."

Edward did not reply, but leaving the house at once, hastened to the hotel where his friend was stopping. Mr. Harrington was soon again absorbed in his paper; did not even ask his wife to read the letter, and never once, through

the entire evening, so much as mentioned his daughter's name. The girls looked disappointed ; but their mother saw how much they were interested, and told them that when bedtime came she would come to their room and read aloud all Edna had written.

We will not give the letter in full, but simply an extract, which, in Edna's own language, shows how by faith she was enabled to lay hold of the promises of Christ, and accept him as her Saviour :

“ I had long felt, my dearest mother, that I ought to be a Christian, that I had an immortal soul of priceless value which I was daily neglecting ; but though I had been early taught in the Sabbath-school, and been, almost from my infancy, a regular attendant on the services of the sanctuary, I kept putting off the all-important matter from year to year, all the time waiting for a more conven-

ient season. And then, too, the gay world had its attractions. If I became a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, I felt that all these must be given up. Still there were times when I felt willing to make the sacrifice, for I was fully satisfied in my own mind that I should never know any real peace till I gave my heart to the Saviour, and became a Christian. Soon after I came to this place the revival commenced, and my mind was more particularly directed to these matters than ever before.

“The Rev. Mr. Williams is not near so learned or eloquent a preacher as Dr. B——, but he gives his people most earnest, faithful sermons, and he it was who helped me to come to a final decision of the great question. During the progress of the revival he came to aunt’s, one day, and we had a long conversation. Towards the close, he

asked me if I was willing to commence a Christian life then. I expressed my desire to do so. Then he said, 'Do not wait another hour. Give your heart to the Saviour now. He is ready and willing to receive you.'

"I was fully resolved, if I was permitted to attend church that night, and an opportunity was given to come out and make known my determination to be on the Lord's side, to embrace it. But why need I wait till evening? Why not go to the Saviour at once? I went to my room, locked my door, took out my Bible, and almost the first words my eyes rested on were, 'Behold, now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation ;' and again, 'To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart.' I did not read any farther, but, closing my Bible, I fell upon my knees and most fervently prayed God,

for Christ's sake, to pardon my sins and accept me as his child. Then I trust I made a full and entire consecration of my life to his service. It was by far the most solemn moment of my life. I arose from my knees refreshed and strengthened. I did not then receive the assurance of sins forgiven. The peace and joy of which I had heard others speak came more gradually to me. But it came at last, and now, while I write, a strange, new joy, such as I have never known before, fills my soul, pervades my entire being. The Saviour is infinitely dearer to me than any earthly object, and I love you, my precious mother, with a love such as I never felt before; for now there is a bond of sympathy between us which neither time nor eternity will be able to sever. And the dear ones at home are doubly dear to me now. I hope, on my return home, if

not now, to be able to show my love for my Saviour by being a better daughter and sister than ever before.

“ You may look for me home the last of next week. Till then adieu, my ever precious mother.”

Who can describe the chastened joy of that fond mother's heart, as again and again she reads this precious letter, each time freshly bedewing it with her tears. How it carries her back to the day of her own espousals ! She was just about Edna's age when she made a public profession of her faith in Christ, and united herself with the people of God.

A year from that time she met Paul Harrington. He, in company with several young men from Philadelphia, had come north for a few weeks' recreation amid the wild and beautiful scenery of the White mountains.

Was it strange that she, a simple coun-

try maiden, whose whole life had been passed in a quiet little town in New Hampshire, should be pleased with the handsome, dashing young man, who left his gay city companions to amuse themselves as best they could, and spent hours in her father's cottage—brought her books and flowers—read to her from authors she had never heard of before—recounted to her the wonders he had seen during his travels in foreign lands—always preferring her society to that of any other young lady in the neighborhood?

It was easy to see how all this would end. Paul had seen many beautiful women before, but never one who interested him so much as Lucy Eldon; every day he spent in her society served but to increase his admiration, and before he left for his city home he asked her to be his wife. He did not antici-

pate any opposition on the part of the parents; great therefore was his surprise and indignation, when Mr. Eldon at first utterly refused to consent to their union. How could he, a sincere and earnest Christian himself, of the old Puritan stock, give this, his favorite daughter, to a man of no religion, no fixed and settled belief in the great truths of the common Christianity?

And there was for days, too, a struggle going on the mind of this gentle maiden, between her inclination and her sense of duty; for, much as she admired Paul Harrington's brilliant qualities, she knew, from his frequent conversations with her, that he was not a Christian; that the God she served was not his God; that the great truths of the Bible which had been so carefully instilled into her mind that they had become realities, were but matters of speculation to him.

But he was not a man to be thwarted in anything he had really set his mind upon, and before six months had elapsed from the time of his first meeting Lucy Eldon, he succeeded in overcoming all opposition, and they were married. He was wealthy—surrounded her with every luxury—rented a pew for her in a fashionable church of her own denomination, and, during the first few years of their marriage, frequently accompanied her to church; but of late years, he had seldom been known to enter the sanctuary.

All these years this fond, devoted wife had been praying for his conversion. True, her faith had sometimes faltered, but never had she given over the struggle—never had she allowed a day to pass that she had not borne him, as well as the rest of her dear ones, to the mercy seat.

Now God had in part answered her

prayer, by giving her her first-born daughter as a companion in the Christian life. Surely he had not forgotten her, and if she was only faithful, he would ere long lend a listening ear to her petitions in behalf of her husband.





II.

EDNA'S RETURN HOME.

IT was a joyful evening at the Harrington mansion the night of Edna's return. One would have thought, on witnessing the meeting, that they had been separated for years, instead of months. The mother folded her to her bosom in one fond embrace, too much affected to speak. Louise and the twins nearly smothered her with kisses and endearments. The father was not so demonstrative, but his welcome was none the less sincere. There was a little coldness on Edward's part, which his

sister was quick to perceive, though she never once dreamed the cause. She supposed it was some misunderstanding between him and his father, which she could soon set right.

Edward was a wayward, unsettled youth, the cause of a great deal of anxiety to his father; he had a warm, affectionate heart, and was as fond of his sister as any of them, but he could not quite forgive her for having turned Puritan, as he termed it. It might all be well enough as far as the next world was concerned, if there was any such place (which he had some doubts of), but as for this world, he was sure her prospects were ruined. She did not appear though just as he expected she would. He evidently expected her to return to them an exact counterpart of his worthy, though somewhat eccentric aunt. But instead of that, she laughed and chatted

as of old—had a thousand kind inquiries to make about her friends—and said “it seemed to her she had been away from Philadelphia a year, so many things had happened since she returned to New England.”

The twins did not leave her for one moment, but sat on either side of her, with a hand of hers clasped in theirs, eagerly drinking in every word she uttered, all the time wondering if there was ever another such a dear, sweet sister, as their darling Edna. Nine o'clock was their bedtime, but when the clock struck the hour, they pleaded so hard to stay with their sister a little longer, that their mother allowed them to sit up an hour beyond their usual time for retiring, and when she finally insisted upon their going, there was a good-natured dispute about which should sleep with their sister. Edna soon put an end to

the matter, by telling them her bed was wide, and for one night they should both sleep with her; and then to please them, she bade the rest of the family good-night, and went to her room with her sisters, before her usual bedtime. They came up stairs in high glee, and commenced undressing at once, but they were somewhat sobered when their sister gravely asked them if they were "going to bed without prayer."

Nora, a little abashed, was the first to reply: "O sister, we were so glad you had come, we like to have forgotten it."

"The more reason why you should remember it now. Sit down and be quiet, while I read a few verses from the Bible, and then we will offer our evening prayer together."

After the chapter was read the three knelt beside the bed, and Edna, in a short but fervent prayer, poured out her soul

to her Saviour and her God in hearty thanksgiving for her safe arrival home, and for all the love and mercy with which she was surrounded, and then, after invoking a blessing upon the two dear ones kneeling by her side, committed herself, her family and all her interests, for both time and eternity, into the hands of her covenant-keeping God.

Edna awoke the next morning much refreshed after a good night's rest. It was very pleasant to find herself again in her own home, in the dear familiar room where so many of her happy girlhood hours had been passed. Softly she arose so as not to disturb her young sisters, who were still sweetly sleeping on either side of her. It was still early ; none of the family were up, except Donald, the faithful old man-servant, who had grown gray in her father's service. He was making the fires, and replenishing the

grates. Breakfast would not be served for a long time yet. She would have an hour for reading, meditation, and secret communion with her Saviour before joining the family. The hour quickly passed. She knew her father must be up by this time, for he was an early riser, and so anxious was she to meet her mother, that she could not wait for the breakfast hour to come. On her way to her room she was met by Bridget, the house-girl, who was in a great deal of trouble. "Miss Edna, the cook is sick; mistress has one of her bad headaches, and Sally, the help in the kitchen, whenever she undertakes the breakfast, is sure to spoil it. The cook says, 'Will Miss Edna be kind enough to step into the kitchen for a few moments, and show Sally about the steak and coffee?' says you can cook a steak almost as nice as she can."

"Yes, and I can make nice rolls too. I

learned while I was at Aunt Dorothy's. Tell Sally to have a good fire. I will be down in a moment, as soon as I change my dress. You set the table and arrange the sitting-room, I will attend to the rest. And be sure and do it as quietly as you can, so as not to disturb mother."

At the breakfast table the two little girls were sure they had never eaten any such nice rolls as sister Edna made; the father advised Louise to take lessons of her sister in learning how to cook. Edward, who was much kinder to his sister than on the previous evening, said that 'pon his word, her morning exercise had given her a fine color; that she was growing handsomer every day of her life, but it was too bad the old cook should get sick just at this particular time. He had intended to invite his old friend to supper that evening, but of course the thing couldn't be thought of now.

“Your friend Richard Marvin, who was so kind to you at college, and used to write you such pleasant letters, from the Old World?”

“The very same, the dear old fellow!”

“I should be delighted to meet him. Have him come by all means, brother.”

“But who will look after the supper? You know I want you to look your very best, sis. And you must give us some music; it seems an age since I heard you play.”

“Have no fears, brother, everything shall be as you wish.”

It was, indeed, a busy morning for Edna. As soon as she rose from the breakfast table she went to her mother's room. She found her too ill to rise, but she was sure her headache would pass off by evening if she could only keep quiet. Edna told her she would see to

everything, and relieve her of all care about the kitchen or dinner, persuaded her to eat a little toast and drink the tea she had prepared for her ; then she carefully closed the blinds, arranged her pillows, imprinted a kiss upon her pale cheek, and, after telling her to try and sleep if she could, left her and went to "aunt Mary" the cook's room.

"Massy sakes, child, you been making toast for me too? Bless your heart, honey, but it does my old eyes good to look at you ; you look as fresh as a pink this morning ; growing prettier every day of your life, that's what you are."

"Thank you, auntie, but how do you feel this morning?"

"Oh ! I'm not very sick. I'll be out in the kitchen before noon ; just a touch of rheumatism. I always has it when the trees are in blossom. I haint no time to be sick. There's Sally, never could





learn anything ; she'll just destroy more than her wages are worth if I aint there to see to her. Sally says your rolls were just beautiful this morning. Now, this toast is nice, but if it aint too much trouble, wish you would just bring me a roll."

"It's no trouble at all, auntie, but they are cold now."

"No matter, I just want to see 'em for myself."

The two little girls, Nora and Eva, were both unwilling to go to school that morning. It was their sister's first day at home, they said, and they wanted to remain with her. But Edna told them she could not think of it.

"No, go to school like good girls, and when you come home you will be sure to find me here."

"But sister," Nora said, "we were so glad to see you, we forgot to study our

lessons last night, and Miss Wilton will scold us if we fail."

Edna was well acquainted with Miss Wilton, and told them she would write her a note, and explain the matter to her. When the note was written they started to school very reluctantly, for the truth was, having sat up the night before beyond their usual bedtime, they were not in the best humor in the world, and it required very skilful management on the part of their sister to get them started without having an outbreak.

The greater part of the forenoon Edna was obliged to spend in the kitchen, making preparations for their expected guest, and superintending the dinner. Louise would willingly have assisted her, but she would not hear of it.

"It will not do for us both to turn cooks at the same time," she said, "some one must be dressed if company calls, to

receive them ; besides, you must remain near mother, so as to go to her at once if you can do anything for her."

When Mr. Harrington came home to his one o'clock dinner, he found it ready and waiting, and instead of having to sit down alone to a half-cooked meal, as he had often been compelled to when his wife had one of her poor turns, he found both his daughters neatly dressed, ready to sit down with him.

Edna presided, looking if possible more bright and cheerful than in the morning. Her father was not a demonstrative man and his fondness for his children was seldom expressed in words ; but that day, after having praised the dinner which was made up of the dishes she knew he was particularly fond of, as he rose from the table he came to her and said, " It is very pleasant to have you at home again, my dear daughter."

A thousand times Edna felt repaid for all the little anxieties and perplexities of the morning.

Edward did not come home to dinner, but sent a note to his sister telling her that he was to lunch down town with his friend ; that he had accepted his invitation to supper and that she might look for them at six that evening.

Mrs. Harrington was so much better that about three o'clock in the afternoon she was able to get up, and with Edna's assistance dress herself. Louise went out to return some calls, so that the mother and daughter were permitted to spend a most delightful hour together before the twins came from school. Mrs. Harrington had many kind inquiries to make after her friends in Weston, and Edna gave her a more particular account of the recent revival in that place.



III.

RICHARD, MARVIN.



AT the appointed time Edward returned, accompanied by his friend. The family received him most cordially. Mr. Harrington was unusually kind.

He had been introduced to him the day before, but had, as yet, seen very little of him. He had known his father years before as a man of sterling worth, and felt prepared to like the son.

After supper, which Edward pronounced excellent, they all adjourned to the parlor. It was certainly a very pleasant evening the family passed with their

young friend. Richard Marvin had fine powers of conversation, and after his late residence in Europe he and Mr. Harrington found a thousand interesting subjects to talk about. He was several years older than Edward, and was on his last year when Edward entered the freshman class at Yale. In that first year Edward had a most dangerous illness, and Richard gave up his studies and nursed him through it with almost womanly tenderness. Since then a strong friendship had existed between them, though of late they had seen but little of each other, as Richard had spent the last four years in Europe ; the first in travel on the continent, the last three at the law school of Heidelberg. He was designing to make law his profession, but had not yet fixed on a location. He had many inquiries to make in regard to Philadelphia and said he liked it very much as a place of resi-

dence, but hardly thought it was just the place for a young man to commence life.

Edward interrupted him by saying: "No, Dick, don't come to this slow old place. If you don't go West, go to New York city—that is the world. Have been trying these five years to persuade father to sell out and go there. Catch me putting up my shingle in Philadelphia. No, I have had enough of it."

"Where do you design locating?" Richard quietly asked.

"Well, my friend, I have not fully decided, but I rather think in San Francisco. At any rate I shall take a trip out there after I am admitted to the bar, and if it don't please me I may go on to Australia."

Edna saw how anxious her mother looked, and tried to change the subject of conversation, but Edward, though apparently delighted at having his friend with

him, seemed to be in a strangely perverse humor that evening.

After a time the conversation turned upon Richard's travels in the Old World, and while Mr. Harrington was speaking of the advantage it was to a young man to spend a few years abroad before finally establishing himself in business, Edward again interrupted them by declaring "it was all a humbug, this mania Americans have for going to Europe ; and then when they get there, to go wandering hither and thither in pursuit of they know not what, and getting enthusiastic over every old tumble-down ruin they happen to come in contact with. For his part, he should never cross the ocean till he had seen more of his own country."

"By the way," he said, turning to his friend, "did you ever hear the anecdote of the young American and Lord Byron?"

“If I have, I cannot recall it. What was it?”

“There was once a young American, so the story goes, just out of college, making his grand tour through Europe, and while in Florence it happened that he was invited to a select party given by an American resident there. Among the distinguished guests present was Lord Byron. Our young traveller, who was a great admirer of the author of ‘Childe Harold,’ was particularly anxious to be introduced to him. When the request was first made known to the poet, he objected, for he was always a little shy of strangers, but when informed that he was an American he said, ‘Oh, yes, by all means—I want to ask him about his Niagara.’ After a few commonplace civilities had been exchanged, he said, ‘Now tell me about your grand, glorious Niagara.’ The young man much abashed,

stammered, hesitated, and at last found words to say, 'he never had visited the Falls of Niagara; it was a pleasure he was promising himself on his return home.' 'What!' was Lord Byron's characteristic reply; 'making the foreign tour, when you have not seen the wonders of your own land!'"

"That does seem a little unreasonable. But Europeans have no kind of an idea of the extent of our country, and are always talking about our ignorance of our own land," Mr. Harrington said.

Only one event occurred to mar the enjoyment of the evening. After a time, when conversation began to flag, Edward led his eldest sister to the piano, and asked her to give them some music. At the conclusion of the last song, which was a particular favorite of Edward's, he and his friend drew near the piano, and

her brother throwing his arm familiarly around her waist, his breath revealed to her his love of the flowing bowl. Her sad look sent the blood to his very temples. She turned from him, but in leaving the piano, her eyes encountered those of his friend with a questioning look; and polished, self-possessed man of the world that he was, there was something in the look of that pure, noble-minded maiden, which made him turn from her almost in fear. It was but momentary; for Edna had too much self-control to allow herself to be thrown off her balance in the presence of strangers. There was no more music that night, and as it was getting late, Mr. Marvin soon after took his leave, promising to give them another evening before he left town.

As soon as their guest had left, Edna bade the family good night, and retired to her own room. Once more in the se-

clusion of her chamber, she gave vent to her feelings in a flood of tears. Her darling brother, the pride of their house, was it possible he had again yielded to the baneful influence of the wine-cup? All the evening she had thought his manner strange and unaccountable. One moment all gayety, the next irritable and ready to oppose every idea advanced; and his manner to his friend, too, was at times almost rude. It was less than a year since he solemnly promised her that he would never touch another drop of intoxicating liquors.

Long and fervently this devoted sister prayed for him—prayed for herself, too—besought her heavenly Father to give her courage to warn him of his danger, so that if possible he might be saved from the fate of the drunkard. It was late before sleep visited her pillow that night. Her unusual exertion in the fore-

part of the day, the excitement of the evening, and thoughts of her brother, kept her awake till far into the small hours of the morning.

Richard Marvin did not leave the city as soon as he first intended, but remained in Philadelphia several weeks after Edna's return. There was apparently very little congeniality of feeling between Edward and his friend, but a strong friendship had existed between them, and Edward's parents, mutually pleased with young Marvin, did all they could to encourage it. They showed him every possible attention, and invited him to make their house his home during the remainder of his stay in the city. This he politely declined, but not a day passed that they did not see more or less of him.

Unlike his friend, he had no near family ties, for he was an only child, and an

orphan. He called Boston his home; there he was born, and there his early childhood was passed, and there his parents were buried. His mother died before he had completed his tenth year. His father, all absorbed in business, had given him but little personal attention—his great ambition having been to make a scholar of him; and he thought his duty well performed, when he had placed him in the best school the country afforded, furnished him with books and plenty of spending money, thus giving up the training of both mind and heart entirely to others. During his mother's lifetime it had been different; she was a fond, devoted mother, as well as an earnest Christian, and the most cherished remembrances of his childhood were of the dear home, and the pious instructions received from the lips of that now sainted mother.

It was during Marvin's first year at Yale, that his father was suddenly called to his account, leaving him, his only child and heir, an independent fortune; and it was in accordance with the expressed wish of his late father, that soon after completing his college course he went to Europe.

During his residence in Germany, he had mingled but little in general society, and devoted himself to the pursuit of knowledge. Fortunately for him, the young men with whom he associated were of the better class, and not addicted to those low habits so commonly practised at the German schools. But they were, with few exceptions, unbelievers in the great truths of revelation—many of them noted for their skepticism. Strange, that that country which achieved the grandest triumphs for Protestantism the world has ever known, should be

so given over to infidelity. Germany, the home of Luther and Melanchthon! Little did the great Reformer, when toiling in the lonely castle at Warburg to translate the Bible into a language which all his countrymen could understand, think the time would ever come when the precious truths* therein contained would be so widely disregarded.

Richard Marvin's mind was naturally given to reflection, veneration, and benevolence, and under more favorable circumstances he might have become a Howard, a Wesley, or a Wilberforce; but was it strange that thrown as he had been for years among youths of his own age who prided themselves on their infidelity, openly denying the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, scoffing at his miracles, and utterly rejecting the Old Testament Scriptures, he should be more or less influenced?

Yet through it all he had one talisman, the influence of which alone kept him from entirely renouncing the faith of his childhood, his mother's Bible, which she placed in his hand on her deathbed, just before her happy spirit plumed its wings for its celestial flight to the regions of blessedness beyond the grave. True, he seldom read it, but he had a great reverence for it—for it was the book his mother loved, and it was her firm belief in the truths it contained, which made her life so beautiful, her death so triumphant.

Perhaps we cannot give the reader a better idea of the state of Richard Marvin's mind, and the esteem in which he held the Harrington family, than to relate a short conversation which took place between him and Edward a few days previous to his leaving Philadelphia. Edward seldom came home to

dinner, and on that particular day he invited his friend to dine with him at his favorite restaurant on Chestnut street. Course after course had been served, and then came the wine. Edward took the decanter from the hands of the waiter, poured out two glasses, took one himself, and presented the other to his friend.

"No, thank you, Edward; no wine for me to-day."

"Why, what is the matter? Have you turned teetotaler?"

"Yes. God helping me, I mean never to touch another drop of intoxicating liquors."

"How long since, old fellow?"

"Since the night your sister made the discovery that you had been taking wine, and turned from you so sadly."

"Yes, I remember; it was the first evening you were at our house."

"And did you see the questioning

look she gave me, as much as to say, 'Is it you that is leading my brother astray?' I shall never forget that look the longest day of my life. I do not care for wine, but I got in the habit of drinking it merely from association; for in Germany every one drinks the juice of the grape, though it is something entirely different from the poisonous beverage sold in this country for wine. I detest the wretched stuff, though, to gratify a friend, I have, now and then, taken a social glass. But I shall do so no more. No sister or wife shall ever have it again to say, either by word or look, that I encouraged their beloved ones to drink; that I helped lead them on in the path of ruin."

"Upon my word, Dick, this is a good joke. Just because my pretty Puritan sister happened to look cross at us that night for taking something to raise our

spirits, you go and turn teetotaler, and forswear the thing for all time."

"It is no joke, my friend, and I do beseech you to look at it more seriously. You use liquor because you like it, not merely because it is the fashion ; but do you not know it is a habit which will constantly grow upon you, and which, if persisted in, will end in ruin and disgrace? My dear friend, if you have no pity on yourself, think of your family, of your noble, high-minded father. Would you, merely to gratify a selfish appetite, press on till you send him bowed and sorrowing to his grave? And your sweet, gentle mother ; think what a sorrow it would be to her. And your beautiful sister, too, who loves you almost as her own soul ; do you not know if you do finally yield to the tempter, it will almost break her heart? It seems to me if God had given me

such a sister, I would have made any sacrifice, denied myself any pleasure, sooner than cause her one moment's pain."

"Why, Dick, you are really eloquent, and no doubt sincere in what you say; but I believe Edna is at the bottom of it all. Come, own up, and just acknowledge that you are in love with my pretty sister."

It was some time before Richard replied, for he did not at all like his friend's bantering manner on so grave a subject; but he at last found words to say, 'Your sister Edna is indeed a lovely girl; lovely both in mind and person; and I am not ashamed to acknowledge to you, her brother, that she interests me more than any young lady I ever met. I hope I shall be a better man for having known her. But as to my being in love with her in the common accepta-

tion of the term, that is all idle talk. Did I desire it ever so much, it could not be, for your sister's world is not my world. She dwells in an atmosphere immeasurably above mine, and I would not if I could bring her down to my level. No, Edward, if your sister ever marries, it must be with some better man," Richard continued somewhat sadly, "for I feel that I am not worthy of her."

"Well now, Dick, I little thought, when I invited you to dine with me to-day, that we were going to have such a serious time of it. You have really delivered quite a sermon, temperance lecture, or whatever you may please to term it; and all for my benefit, too. My only regret is that you had not more of an audience."

"Forgive me, dear friend, if I have said anything unkind; and if I have

talked earnestly, believe me it is because I am so deeply interested in you. I have an engagement at two ; must bid you good-by now," he said, at the same time offering him his hand. "Come to my room this evening, if you are not otherwise engaged."

In a few days Mr. Marvin left for Boston, much to the regret of the Harringtons, who had become much attached to him ; and several months elapsed before he again visited Philadelphia.





IV.

MORE OF EDNA'S HOME LIFE.

ONE evening, when Mr. Harrington entered the family sitting-room, after the cares of the day were over, he was surprised to find his little Eva crouched in the corner of the sofa, weeping bitterly, and her twin sister kneeling by her side trying to comfort her.

“What has happened to my little girl? Has she broken her last new doll, or is her pet canary dead? Surely something very serious must have occurred.”

“No, papa, I am not such a baby as to cry for the breaking of a doll, and

Dicky is all right; but Professor Schultz is so cross, and frightened me so he made me miss my lesson to-day. He says, too, I am so dumb I will never make a player; that I might as well give it up first as last. Now I love music, and I do want to learn to play like Edna and Louise."

"Well, then, my little daughter must be more studious. It requires a great deal of practice to make a good player."

"But I do practise. I was at the piano two hours this morning before I went to school, and I knew my lesson too; but when I came to play it, I was so frightened I touched the wrong keys and made mistakes."

Just then Edna came in, and going up to her young sister, said, "Never mind, dear; I will help you with your lessons the next time. Now wipe your eyes and let us go to supper."

There was no more conversation on the subject at that time. After the two little girls had retired for the night, Edna stole softly up to her father's chair, and gently smoothing his hair, said, "How much do you pay Professor Schultz for the twins' music lessons?"

"Why, let me see. Forty dollars a term; I think it is, for them both."

"How much will you pay me, father?"

"What do you mean, my dear child?"

"Simply that I should like to teach them myself."

"What has put that in your head? Why do you wish to take this poor foreigner's pupils from him?"

"I have various reasons. In the first place, I do not like him. He may be well enough for advanced pupils, but he has not the requisite patience to succeed with beginners. And then I should like

the money; I could do so much good with it."

"I thought my yearly allowance to you was a liberal one. Have you not all you need in the way of books, clothes, and spending-money?"

"Yes, father, your allowance is ample. I have enough and more than enough for my own personal expenses; but there are so many ways to spend money in the city, so many others to think of besides ourselves. Louise and I were out, Saturday, distributing tracts in an entirely new district; and we saw in the different houses we entered, and the poor people we came in contact with, so much poverty and destitution that we felt we were willing to make almost any sacrifice if we could only obtain the means to assist them. For it avails but little to offer them tracts and Bibles, and try to interest them about

a future life, when they are so uncomfortable in this?"

"That is true, my child; I have often said the same thing."

"And we found quite a number of children, too, who do not attend a day-school, could not read a word, had never set foot in a Sabbath-school, and had never heard a sermon. When I spoke of their attending Sabbath-school, their mothers were willing enough, only that they had no suitable clothes. O father, these things ought not so to be. In a town of this size, where there is so much wealth and luxury, no one ought to suffer for the common comforts of life."

"But how are we to help it? It is generally their own fault. Had you taken the trouble to investigate the matter, I have no doubt you would have found that in nine cases out of ten the real cause of their poverty and destitu-

tion could be traced to the idleness and intemperance of the husband and father."

"But their wives and little ones are not to blame. If we cannot reform the husbands, ought we not to do something for their families?"

"Well, I don't know. It is a hard question to answer. I am neither a philanthropist nor a reformer, and have never given the subject so much thought as perhaps I ought. There are a number of benevolent societies in the city, and when called on I always give, and that is the only thought I ever give to it. But, to return to the music lessons, do you really think you have time to take charge of the little girls' lessons?"

"Yes, father, abundance of time."

"Not if aunt Mary is to be laid up with rheumatism half the time, and you have to go into the kitchen every day to superintend the dinner."

“But I shall not. Sally is improving wonderfully, and will soon be able to get up a dinner almost as nicely as aunt Mary herself. If the dear old woman had more patience with her, she would do well enough.”

“Well, if it is really decided that you are to be the little girls’ teacher, I will drop a note to the German professor and tell him to send in his bill. And here, Edna,” he said, handing her a fifty-dollar bank-note, “I will pay you for your first term in advance. This is enough to buy frocks and shoes for a score or more of your little folks. But mind that you don’t make them too fine at first ; don’t spoil them on the start. When you need more, let me know.”

Edna took the money, and while a tear trembled in her eye, said, “Thank you, dear father. God will bless you for this.”

After she had bidden her parents good-night and retired to her own room, Mr. Harrington said: "What a difference there sometimes is in children of the same family. Now there is Edward takes everything as a matter of course; never in the whole of his life has he expressed so much thankfulness for the thousands of dollars I have lavished upon him, as Edna did for that small amount I gave her this evening. He draws on me for money as if he thought there was no end to it. I think it would be a grand thing to have him thrown on his own resources for a little while, to see what he would do."

"Do not be too hard on him, husband. He has his good points; he feels all your kindness, if he does not express it in words. I wonder where the dear boy is to-night; I can't imagine what keeps him out so late every evening."

“I presume he is at the théâtre. Forrest is still in the city, drawing crowded houses every night, I see by the paper. I can’t imagine what enjoyment there can be in going to the theatre night after night, and seeing the same play rehearsed over and over again.”

Alas for Edward! Both Edna and her mother hoped, after his friend returned to Boston, to see more of him; but he was seldom at home except at his morning and evening meals. It was often midnight before he came in, and the next morning, if he made his appearance at the breakfast table at all, he came in looking pale and haggard—was irritable and fault-finding, or else moody and silent. Mr. Harrington looked stern, and though he saw it all, never uttered one word of reproof in the presence of his wife and daughter. Edna could not help seeing how seriously it affected her

mother. Her frequent attacks of nervous headache now came on at shorter intervals, and she seemed to be growing weaker and feebler every day. And the two little girls who were so fond of their tall, handsome brother, were, when he was in his moody fits, almost afraid of him.

His two older sisters, ready to make any sacrifice for him, tried a thousand little womanly devices to keep him at home, but all in vain. The spell was upon him, and even their love and devotion was not strong enough to break it. It was all in vain that Edna expostulated with him and tried to show him, as Richard Marvin had already done, the disgrace he was bringing upon himself—the sorrow he was causing his family. Her expostulations and entreaties were alike met with coldness. He was able to take care of himself; he knew his own busi-

ness, and he was not going to be preached to by a sister younger than himself.

The two little girls were overjoyed, when in the morning they were told that hereafter their sister was to be their music teacher, and made all manner of fair promises. They would practise two hours every day ; yes, three, if sister said so. They were both very fond of sitting up at night, but they were going to bed an hour earlier, so as to have more time to practise in the morning before going to school.

Louise, who was very much interested in her sister's benevolent plans, and anxious to add her mite to the sum Edna received from her father, really set herself to thinking how she could do it.

Her father's yearly allowance was the same to her as to her sister, and she had a few days before received a hundred dollars from him to purchase her spring

dresses. The question in her mind now was, should she spend it all for that purpose, or get cheaper dresses, and thus save a fifth of it to help clothe and fit out those poor children in the suburbs of the city, for the Sabbath-school.

There was a pretty silk down town, which she had had her eye upon for a week or more; but since the Saturday she went out with her sister, and saw those poor ragged children, although she had the money in hand to do as she pleased, she could not quite make up her mind to purchase it. Edna received the same amount; but instead of a silk, she bought a pretty mozambique, and a couple of muslin dresses, which together cost only about half as much as the silk her sister had set her heart upon.

Louise was young, fond of dress—as what young girl is not?—and it was something of a sacrifice to her to give up an

article she had really set her mind upon. Edna saw the struggle, but said nothing to influence her; she felt that it was a matter of conscience which she must decide for herself. But at last, when her spring purchases were all made, and she brought twenty dollars to Edna, and asked her to lay it by to be used in the same way she was using her own savings, her sister, thankful that her good principles had triumphed, folded her to her bosom, and said, "It has cost you some sacrifice to do this; but the dear Saviour for whom you have done it will make it up to you in a thousand ways."

For the next two weeks the sisters were both very busy. Every moment they could spare from their other duties, was spent in fashioning, cutting out, and making garments for their young friends in the suburbs of the city. It was all done very quietly, too, for Edna had the

sewing machine removed to her room, and no one but Mrs. Harrington and Aunt Mary knew that anything unusual was going on in the house.

Oh yes, the twins were very much interested and very anxious to lend a helping hand, and notwithstanding all their fair promises, it was as much as Edna could do to get them to practise their two hours out of the twenty-four.

But at last Edna's self-imposed task was finished—the little garments all ready for use—the hats and shoes all purchased—the little ones all fitted out for school. And now the question was, what school should they attend? It was a long way from their homes to the church Edna attended; and besides, their Sabbath-school was already filled to overflowing, and she doubted the propriety of bringing into their well-taught, orderly school, all these poor

neglected children, who, though living in a Christian land, were almost as ignorant of God and their duty towards him, as the little Hindoo girls and boys on the banks of the Indus.

Edna had many consultations with her mother on the subject, and she advised her to consult her pastor; she was sure he could tell her just what to do.

Edna was naturally rather retiring, though she was not what would be called a timid girl; but the truth was, though she had the greatest esteem for Dr. B——, and received much help and comfort from his sermons, she was a little in awe of him. Yet summoning all her courage, and remembering in whose service she was engaged, she resolved to take her mother's advice and lay the case before him.

She found him alone in his study, and he received her so kindly, that she at

once felt perfectly at ease. When she had told him her errand he said, "It is a noble thought, my dear young sister, this bringing these poor neglected children under Christian influences, and I will do all I can to help you. I think a mission school should be established in that part of the city at once. We have a number of earnest, active young men in our church, who, I am sure, will be ready to take hold of it. Let me see, to-morrow is the Sabbath. I will invite the young men of the church to meet me at my study, Monday evening, and then I will lay the case before them. A suitable room must be procured, and perhaps we can arrange to have afternoon preaching at the close of the school."

He shook hands with her very kindly at parting, promising to call in a few days and inform her what arrangements they had been able to make.

When Edna reached home, almost her first exclamation was, "O mother, I fear I have all along misjudged our minister. You have no idea how differently the learned Dr. B—— appears at home in his study from what he does on the Sabbath in his pulpit. I shall never be afraid to go to him again when I need advice or counsel. After a few moments had passed, I felt just as much at home with him, as I did with that plain, simple-hearted, Christian minister up in Weston "





V.

EDNA AND HER MOTHER GO TO THE COUNTRY.

WHEN Edna returned from Weston to her own home, the trees were putting forth their leaves, and only the early apple-trees were in bloom, for it was just spring-time; now it is nearly midsummer. Never before had time passed so rapidly with our young friend, and though so constantly employed, it has been the happiest three months of her life. One of the strong points of her character was, that whatever she undertook to do, she did with her whole soul, and it was no half-hearted service

this young Christian was giving her Divine Master, but a willing, joyful one. In her piety there was nothing obtrusive; she was genial, obliging to all, and there was not one in the house, from her father down to Peter the errand-boy, who was not influenced by her consistent life. Edward was perhaps influenced least of all; and yet, could we have looked into his heart, we should have found there were times when his own selfish life appeared little and mean, compared with her noble, disinterested one.

But Edna had, aside from her brother, one real cause of anxiety, and that was her mother. Since the warm weather came on, she had been drooping and growing paler and thinner every day. Her physician had ordered her to the seashore—said his medicine would do her no good; she must have change of air; that was the only thing that would

benefit her. And now the question was, where should she go, and who was to go with her?

Mr. Harrington said he could not possibly leave his business at that time, that everything would go to ruin if he was not at hand to superintend; for, notwithstanding his years, he was still an active business man—a wholesale merchant, and had in his employ a score or more of men.

Edward was about to take his long-talked-of trip to California. He had completed his law studies, been admitted to the bar, and notwithstanding his desultory habits, really passed examination better than did most of his class. His mother turned pale, and her lip quivered, when the projected trip was talked of; but he laughed at her and said: "It is nothing, mother; I shall just get into one of those splendid pal-

ace-cars fitted up with all the modern improvements of parlor, sleeping apartments, and dining-room, and while I am reading, sleeping, smoking, or enjoying myself in any way I like, I am at the same time borne over the broad, beautiful prairies of the West, at the rate of nearly five hundred miles a day, and before I have got the last novels read through, shall be at my journey's end. If it wasn't for this trip west, which I have so set my mind on, I would like to go with you to Long Branch, Newport, Cape May, or wherever you decide to go."

"We don't intend to go to either of those places, brother."

"Pray, what objections can you have to Long Branch, my little Puritan? You need not attend the hops at night unless you choose to."

"No objection at all to Long Branch. I enjoyed myself very much there last

summer. But it is no place for our darling mother. She does not care to see or be seen ; simply wants rest and quiet, plenty of pure country air and of fresh milk."

"Where have you finally decided to go?"

"Down to uncle Nathan's in New Jersey."

"Uncle Nathan ! That queer old stick that comes to the city to sell his marketing, and is sure to invite himself here to dinner ? Upon my word, I admire your taste. Let me see ; he is about a fortieth cousin, is he not ?"

"Do not speak thus of him, my son, for he is a most worthy man, and though a little odd, has a kind and noble heart. He is no blood relation of ours, only an uncle by marriage. His first wife was my mother's aunt."

The next morning a letter was received

from uncle Nathan himself, in reply to one Edna had written to inquire if it would be convenient for them to come and spend a few weeks at the farm.

He answered it in his whole-souled way: "Yes, come by all means—the more the merrier; plenty of room in the great old house, and I and my old woman will do all we can to make you comfortable. Be sure and bring the little ones. Tell them I have got a heap of funny things to show them, and they shall take a ride on old Charley's back every day, if their mother is willing."

"O father, may we go?" was the exclamation of both the twins at once.

"Yes, all of you go and have a good time. Aunt Mary and I can keep house. I will run down some time and stay over Sunday with you."

"But, father, it will be so lonely for you if we all leave you."

“ Well, Edna, whoever stays, it must not be you. I shall not trust your mother out of my sight unless you are there to make her toast and tea, read to her and keep her from getting the blues. And if these two little wild girls go, they will certainly need you to look after them. I expect they will get to be perfect romps, and come home as brown as gypsies.”

Louise had not spoken before, but now coming up to him, and laying her hand on his shoulder, she said : “ I am not going, father, I am going to stay with you. Edna and I talked it all over last night. You see it would not do for us both to leave, for here is our mission-school just started. There are enough young men to take charge of the boys, but Edna, Carry Raymond and myself are the only ladies who take any interest in it. The little girls would be disappointed enough, were we both to leave them at the same time.”

“Yes, and if you don’t go round to see about it, they will spoil all their pretty dresses and have nothing nice to wear when Sunday comes.”

“That is true, Nora, but Louise and I mean to keep our eye on them. We shall not be content merely to bring the children into the Sabbath-school; we hope to throw a religious influence around their parents. I think I have seen quite a change already in some of the families we visit. To use their own words there has been “a general tidying up of things among them.” One woman, when I took her little daughter her Sunday suit, said, “Indade, ma’am, it is pretty as a pictur, it is too nice to come into our poor house. I will make it look better before you come again. It is worth trying to fix up when such a lady as you comes to see us.”

“I can assure you, dear mother, this

little enterprise of getting up our mission-school has taught me one thing, if no more."

"What is that, daughter?"

"That if we want to do people good, we must go to their homes, and interest ourselves in their affairs. It is not enough to give them a little money and then pass them proudly by; they want our sympathy and encouragement. If we want to do people good, we must follow the example of our Saviour and get near them. He did not wait for the publicans and sinners to come to him to be healed, he went to them."

Mr. Harrington had gone as soon as it was decided who was going to the country, but Edward still sat reading the morning paper. Edna had no idea he was listening to what she was saying, but when she ceased talking, he looked up, and in his most sarcastic way said, "Very quixotic,

upon my word, this clothing up and teaching paupers' children to read. I wonder what you girls will take into your heads next. There's no accounting for women's crotchets."

Before another week had passed the pleasant home circle was broken up, and all the family had left, except Louise and her father. Edward had started on his western tour, and Mrs. Harrington and her three daughters were quietly domesticated in uncle Nathan's ample farmhouse.

Carry Raymond, a particular friend of the young ladies, was to remain with Louise during Mrs. Harrington's absence.

Uncle Nathan's farm was located about a half mile from A——, a quiet little country town situated on one of the inlets which indent the long line of seacoast on the Jersey shore. The house was a plain old-fashioned, two-story brick, with hall

running through the centre, parlor and sitting-room on either side, with two high airy chambers above, and dining-rooms, bed-rooms and kitchen in the rear. In front was a deep veranda, from the upper part of which one could look down upon the town, the little inlet, and still beyond out on the great ocean. There was a wide lawn in front of the house, comprising several acres; the walk leading from the veranda down to the main road was bordered on either side with beautiful shade-trees, and choice fruit-trees were scattered here and there throughout the entire grounds. Back of the house was a peach and apple orchard, and beyond that, almost as far as the eye could reach, one could see broad fields of waving grain, ripening for the sickle, smiling meadows, acres of rich pasture-land, and still beyond, a cool shady grove, composed of thrifty young

trees, with here and there a lofty oak, which seemed to be keeping silent guard over the rest."

And all these smiling fields and broad acres belonged to plain old Nathan Weaver. We ought to have said uncle Nathan, for his acknowledged worth and kindness of heart had long since won for him this title, not only in the village where he was best known, but throughout the entire neighborhood for miles around.

Edward had called him an odd old stick, and in many things he was eccentric ; but he was a man of good common sense and fervent piety ; was an elder in the church ; a magistrate, an overseer of the poor, and one of the members of the school committee.

It was just at dusk when of our city friends reached the farmhouse. They were met at the door by uncle Nathan, and smiling, motherly-looking aunt Dor-

othy, who gave them a most hearty welcome.

“Glad to see you, Lucy,” was uncle Nathan’s first salutation. “I’m sorry to see you looking so white though, but stay with us a few weeks and we’ll bring you around all right. Wife is a master hand at nursing people up. And this is Edna,” he said, holding her off at arm’s length, and looking at her with his great blue, honest eyes, “getting prettier every day of her life. But how tall she has grown, and how time goes ; it seems but yesterday that I had her on my knee.

“And here are the little ones—bless their hearts. Wife and I were afraid you wouldn’t bring ’em. Wont you and uncle have nice times together ?

“But we mustn’t spend the time talking now. Get off your things as soon as you can, and we’ll have supper ; wife’s had it waiting this hour or more. Eliza-

beth, come and show them up to their rooms. But stop a moment, and let me introduce you to Lucy and her girls. This," he said, taking by the arm a slight, slender girl, with fair complexion, deep blue eyes, a profusion of dark brown hair, and a sweet sad face, and leading her up to Mrs. Harrington, "is Elizabeth Bradford, my grand niece, poor Irene's daughter." Irene was his only sister's child, and there was a tear in the dear old man's eye as he pronounced her name.

Mrs. Harrington kissed her most affectionately, and told her she should love her for her mother's sake. Edna followed her mother's example, and told her she was sure they should soon be the best of friends.

A bountiful supper was waiting for them, to which, after their long ride, they did ample justice.

The twins did not urge to sit up that

first night after their arrival at the farm, but very willingly accompanied their sister to their room, before the clock struck nine.

Both Edna and her sisters were delighted with their rooms. How fresh and cozy everything looked. The large airy old-fashioned chamber, with windows overlooking the lawn in front of the house, neatly draped with snowy muslin; the cool fresh matting on the floor; the queer, old-fashioned bed, with its snowy counterpane; the tasty lounge, with its chintz covering; the old-fashioned oaken table and bureau; the small mirror hanging over it, ornamented with sprigs of asparagus.

And then on the mantelpiece, were two delicately arranged bouquets of flowers, which Edna was sure must have been placed there by the gentle girl to whom they had just been introduced.

Just back of this room was a smaller one, furnished very much the same as the one Mrs. Harrington and Edna were to occupy. This was for the two little girls.

"Oh, is n't this nice?" they both exclaimed, the moment they entered their own room, "to be so near mother ; and Edna," said one, "I wish she was up here now, so that we could say our prayers together."

After they had given their sister their good night kiss, and were snugly in bed, Eva said to her sister, "Now don't speak one word to me, for I am going right straight to sleep. I want to get up before sunrise. Uncle Nathan is going to show me the bees, and let me see them make honey, and the chickens, and the lambs ; oh, such lots of things he is going to show me."

"And I," said Nora, "am going to the

meadow to see the men make hay, and down on the beach to gather sea-shells, and mother says when we get down there we can look off on the broad, blue ocean and see the great steamers as they pass up on their way to New York. Wont it be grand?"

But they were too weary to talk longer, and when Mrs. Harrington came to her room, she found them sound asleep.





VI.

WHAT THE HARRINGTONS SAW AND
HEARD AT THE FARM.

NOT WITHSTANDING
Eva's saying she was going
to get up with the sun, it was
after seven o'clock before either
of the little girls opened their
eyes the next morning. Aunt Dorothy
would not let them be disturbed.

"Dear little things," she said, "they
need so much sleep now they are grow-
ing. Let them sleep till they get their
nap out."

But she could not forbear stealing
softly up and taking a look at them; and
as she did so, a tear which she could not

repress dropped on their bed. Ah, she was thinking of her own dear ones which God lent her for a little while, and then, for some mysterious reason, took from her again. Years and years had passed since then, and she thought the sore spot was all healed over ; but how freshly the sight of these dear ones brought it all back to her. How little she thought, when her own dear children were all playing about her in their young childhood, that she and Nathan would be left alone in their old age ; for of their eight children, only one remained, and this one had not crossed their threshold for years. Long ago they gave him up to the work of carrying the gospel to a distant land, and there he was still zealously laboring to win souls to Christ.

They thought it a sacrifice to give him up, but God had since called on them for a still greater one. Another

Isaac had to be laid on the altar, and this time he spared neither the wood nor the fire.

Poor George! the youngest of her five sons, a tall, good-looking, kind-hearted youth of twenty-two; how fondly they both had looked forward to him as the staff of their declining years. When the war broke out, he enlisted, and served faithfully more than two years, during the whole time never receiving a wound. But at last came that bloody battle of Gettysburg; and before night a telegraphic despatch to his father informed him that his son had fallen mortally wounded in the early part of the day. Oh, those were dark days for the stricken parents; but God sustained them through it all, and now, instead of giving themselves up to useless repining, they go quietly and patiently about their daily toil, doing good to every one

as they have opportunity, knowing the time is not far distant when they shall join their beloved ones who are waiting for them on the other shore.

It was haying-time at the farm, and uncle Nathan was very busy, with a number of men to oversee ; but for once he let the men look after each other, and gave up almost the entire day to the little girls. After tea, he proposed giving them a ride on the beach ; but they said, “ No, not this evening, uncle, we are too tired.”

Their mother told them they must take things more moderately ; that they would soon wear out all their enjoyments at the farm, and want to be going back to the city.

“ No fear of that, Lucy. Uncle hasn’t shown them half over the farm yet. Tomorrow morning I’ll have old Charley up and give them a ride. I have got to

go over to the sawmill to see about some lumber for the new barn."

"Is he real gentle, uncle, and may I drive?" Eva asked.

"Yes, gentle as a cow. He'd no sooner think of running away than old Brindle. I'll have you on his back some day, and let you see how good he is."

The two little girls were both delighted with that proposition.

The next day, when they awoke, it was raining; so their ride with uncle Nathan had to be postponed. But they did not mind it much: if they could not go out, they would help auntie and Lizzy work; and so to gratify them, the old lady took them to the dairy, and here for the first time they were initiated into the mysteries of butter-making. They were sure they had never seen quite so neat a place as aunt Dorothy's spring-house, with its snowy shelves filled with

shiny pans of milk, on which the rich, yellow cream was just slowly rising ; and then the little stream which ran through the centre of the building was as clear as crystal. How they longed to reach down their chubby little hands and gather up the shining pebbles at the bottom. They knew now why auntie's butter was so much sweeter than what they ate at home.

After they left the spring-house. they busied themselves for an hour or more in shelling peas for dinner.

When the noonday meal was over, Mrs. Harrington insisted upon their coming to her room and keeping quiet for awhile.

Edna, who, when she gave her time to it, could always interest them, got out their books and had them read a half an hour or more. Then she surprised them by bringing out their drawing materials

They were so glad she had brought them ; she was " one of the best sisters in the world ;" she always thought of everything ; now they were going to draw something beautiful for uncle Nathan.

She managed to get them so much interested in their drawing that the best part of the afternoon had almost imperceptibly slipped away.

When they went down to tea, they must needs take down the pictures they had been making and show them to their uncle and aunt.

Aunt Dorothy praised them very much ; said she had been wondering all the afternoon what kept them so quiet. Uncle Nathan, too, was pleased, but said that he was n't much of a judge of such things. There was Elizabeth, who had a taste that way. They must show them to her.

Edna at once asked Lizzy if she drew

or painted; and said she had brought a few pictures with her which she was intending to copy. She would be happy to show them to her when she was at leisure.

The young girl blushed, and said she had drawn some for her own amusement, but had never had an opportunity to take lessons in either painting or drawing.

Edna told her she believed she had some talent that way, and that if she could find the time, she would give her lessons during her stay at the farm.

Lizzy thanked her, and said that she should be very happy to avail herself of the opportunity.

The next day was Sunday. The twins were delighted, when they awoke, to find the rain was over; and they knew the day was fine, for the bright sunshine was softly stealing in through the half-

closed blinds, and a little bluebird, which had made its nest in an old apple-tree near their window, was piping forth its merriest notes.

They had just time to dress and get get down stairs in season for prayers.

“Who is going to meeting to-day?” uncle Nathan said, just after they had risen from the breakfast-table. “Do you feel able to go, Lucy?”

“I have not attended church for several Sabbaths past, but I feel so much stronger I think I shall venture to-day. My daughters will, of course, attend.”

“Well, then, Ephraim,” he said, addressing the hired man, “when the first bell rings, hitch up old Charley to the single carriage, and let wife and Lucy drive over to the church together. I will walk over with the young ones.”

After this the good old man seated himself in an old-fashioned easy chair

on the cool porch, and occupied himself till church-time in reading his weekly religious paper, examining the missionary column first.

Edna read aloud to the twins, and tried to interest them in Bible stories; but they were very restless, and thought the time never would come for them to start to church.

At last the clock struck ten, and uncle Nathan said it was time to go. So taking a hand of each of the little girls, they set off, followed by the two young ladies. They reached the church just as Mrs. Harrington and aunt Dorothy drove up; and after uncle Nathan had helped them out and disposed of the horse, they all entered the church together.

There was a very great contrast between the fashionable and expensive church in which Mrs. Harrington and

her daughters worshipped when at home, and the plain, unpretending house of worship in A——.

Edna declared the change a very agreeable one. Mrs. Harrington, too, said she enjoyed the services so much that she liked to worship there, for it somehow carried her back to the dear old church she used to attend in her childhood days.

The twins were delighted with the novelty of it all; said the singing was delightful, and that they liked Mr. Wilmot because they could understand what he said; that he didn't use half so many big words as Dr. B——.

After their simple dinner, which was always cooked the day before, and a couple of hours of quiet reading, uncle Nathan, accompanied by Edna and the twins, returned to the church for Sabbath-school.

The twins were put into a class with a half-dozen girls of their own age, whose acquaintance they soon made; and at the close of school they invited them all to come to the farmhouse to visit them.

Uncle Nathan introduced Edna to the superintendent, and after a few words of courtesy, he said that the teacher of the young ladies' Bible-class was absent that day, and that he would consider it a great favor if she would take charge of it for this one Sabbath.

She at first delicately declined, telling him she preferred being a scholar herself; but when he pressed the matter, she consented to do the best she could.

The lesson that day was one with which Edna was perfectly familiar, and she endeavored to interest her young friends in it; but their attention was very much divided between the lesson

and their admiration of their fair young teacher. Her coming into the church that morning was the first intimation they had had of her being in the neighborhood. She had brought only her plainest dresses to the farm, and on that particular morning wore only a simple muslin, a black lace mantle, a white lace bonnet trimmed with delicate flowers. She had on no ornaments except a small gold pin which fastened the lace under her chin; but the young ladies of her class, as they discussed her dress and manners on their way home, all decided that she was the pleasantest young lady that had ever come to their little village, and the most engaging and instructive of teachers.

"Dear mother, I hope this has been a pleasant day to you," Edna said, as, just before sunset, she joined her on the cool porch, where for the last hour she had

been sitting with the old couple, talking about bygone scenes and their old friends in Weston.

“Yes, dear, I have enjoyed it very much; but you know there is no such thing as perfect enjoyment in this world. I am never quite content when separated from your father. What a long, lonesome day he and Louise must have had of it.”

“Oh, as to father, I have no doubt he misses us; but then he has his books and newspapers. He can get along without us one day. You know he is to be with us next Sabbath. And Louise—I hardly think she has found time to get lonesome. Now just let us go over together what she has had to do to-day. In the first place, she had to superintend father’s breakfast; after that, to get out his linen; then give directions for dinner, feed the birdies, and

then at nine go to our own Sabbath-school ; from there to church ; then home to dinner ; after dinner a couple of hours for quiet reading or conversation with Carry ; then out to the mission-school at three. By the time they get back from the school aunt Mary will have tea ready ; and after tea she will, perhaps, read a chapter in the Bible to aunt Mary. The dear old woman can hardly see to read ; and I charged sister in particular not to forget to read to her, whatever else she forgets. The few texts of Scripture she learns on the Sabbath furnish her food for thought through the week."

"But what of Edward? The dear boy! Think of the long journey he is taking; how many accidents may occur, and he so far from us."

"He is in the hands of a merciful and loving Father," Edna said reverently.

“He who does not permit even a sparrow to fall to the ground without his notice will surely watch over him.”

After this there was a long pause. At length Mrs. Harrington said: “My dear daughter, what a comfort you are to me; and how your simple trust in God puts to shame my wicked doubts and misgivings.”

Edna gave her mother a kiss, and said: “It is not because I am a better Christian, my darling mother, but partly because I am well and strong, and naturally of a hopeful, buoyant disposition.”





VII.

THOMAS NIZELY.

MONDAY was a very busy day at the farmhouse. Washing, churning, baking, and a general cleaning-up time. There was no lack of help in the house, but aunt Dorothy was not one to trust to hired help, as she termed it. If she did but little herself, she must, like her worthy husband, be at hand to superintend.

The twins took their promised ride with uncle Nathan to the sawmill, and came home delighted with all they had seen. After their return from their ride, they pleaded hard to accompany

him to the hayfield, but their mother said it was too warm; they could not go out again until it got cooler.

Edna succeeded in keeping them in till about five in the afternoon, when Lizzy came for them to go with her to pick raspberries for tea, which greatly delighted them.

When tea was ready that evening, it was found that uncle Nathan had not returned from the village. Aunt Dorothy said it was not worth while to wait for him—he'd soon be in.

Just as they were about to rise from the table he came in. He looked sober, and his wife at once inquired if he had heard any bad news; if anybody was sick or dying.

"I've just been in to see Tommy Nizely," he said, in reply to her question; "he is a great deal worse, and I fear he wont stand it long; his mother

takes on dreadfully, and he, poor fellow, do n't seem prepared to go."

After the tea-things were cleared away, and the family had seated themselves on the porch, as they were accustomed to do in the cool of the evening, uncle Nathan said to his wife: "Mother, do n't you think you ought to go down and see the poor boy? You know he was mighty fond of you when he used to work here on the farm."

"I am so tired, husband, I do n't feel able to walk there to-night."

"But you need not walk; old Charley is at the door. I will drive you over."

"But I am too tired to climb in and out of the wagon."

"If you were n't such an armful," he said, some of his quiet humor returning, in spite of the sad expression of his face, "I would take you up in my arms and carry you. I could once, you remember."

Edna, who had been silently listening to the colloquy between the old couple, now came forward and said: "Dear uncle, let me go in aunty's place. I should dearly love the walk, and perhaps I can say something to comfort the poor boy."

"You go, child? Yes, perhaps the sight of your sweet face will do him good. But mind, it is a poor little place where he lives, and if you have not good nerves you had better not venture, for the mother takes on dreadfully sometimes."

"Trust me for that, uncle. I am not afraid of poverty; we have too much of it in the city, and I can assure you my nerves are in a perfectly healthy condition."

A short walk brought them to Thomas Nizely's humble home. It was a low, unpainted, one-story house, one large

room in front—in the rear two smaller ones—one of them apparently used for a kitchen; the other had a bed in it, and on it lay the sick boy.

The poor youth was apparently about fifteen years of age—was very much emaciated—had a hard cough, and was, to all appearance, near his end.

Neither Edna nor uncle Nathan attempted to enter the room where the poor youth was lying, but Edna stood where she could see him and hear all that was passing within. He seemed to be suffering intensely, and in his mild blue eyes there was a wild, scared look, and she distinctly caught the words,

“O mother, give me some air—open the windows and doors or I shall choke to death; and don’t take on so—you frighten me.”

His mother stood by his side wringing her hands and saying, “O my boy, my

poor boy! My dear Tommy is dying! Oh I can't give him up! Wont the doctor ever come? He'll die before the doctor gets here!"

Uncle Nathan could stand it no longer, but going to the door, said "Hush, woman! Don't you see you are making your boy worse? And now all leave the room except his mother, and let the child have all the fresh air he can get. Has any one been sent for the doctor?"

"Yes, Jake went for him an hour ago; but at this rate he'll never get back."

Just then the physician entered. He had a benevolent face, and without noticing any one he walked up to the bed on which his patient lay, and placing his hand on his wrist said: "And so, my poor boy, you have been having one of your bad turns again. I'm sorry I was not at home when your brother came for me."

After a few moments he took from his

pocket a small vial, and dropping part of its contents into water, gave him a spoonful, and said, "Take this; I think it will soon relieve you." He sat by his patient a short time, administering the medicine, and after taking it a few times the boy was much more comfortable.

After the physician had been by his bedside a half an hour or more, he rose and said: "I must go now, my young friend; try to keep as quiet as you can, and by-and-by I think you will drop off into a refreshing sleep."

In passing out, he stopped to shake hands with uncle Nathan, and said: "I'm glad to see you here, Mr. Weaver; I believe you are a praying man—if you can say anything comforting to that poor boy about the other world, please do so. I do all I can for the ailments of the body, but I can't administer medicine to the soul."

"Then you have given him up, have you, doctor?"

"Yes, I have done my best, but I cannot save him. He may linger for several weeks yet, but he is sure to go ere the fall of the leaves."

After the physician took his leave, one after another of the neighbors left, and soon uncle Nathan and Edna were alone with the sick boy and his mother. One or two of those who had dropped in offered to return and sit up with the poor lad, but the mother said: "It isn't worth while; his father will be home pretty soon, and he can manage him better than any one else."

For some time uncle Nathan stood by the bedside of the sufferer, in silent and tearful sympathy. "Poor boy!" he said to himself; "so young, and yet so soon to pass the dark river, and so reluctant to go."

How his great Christian heart yearned over him ! How he longed to tell him that the dear Saviour, if he would but put his trust in Him, would take him in his arms and bear him safely over. But Thomas was such a sensitive boy—so easily excited ; and he was such a bungler when he attempted to utter his best thoughts, that he was almost afraid to speak.

I think Edna must have divined his thoughts ; for just then she stepped up to him, and said : “ Uncle, may I speak to him ? ”

“ Certainly, my child. You know better how to talk to him than a rough old man like me. Try and say something to guide him to Christ.”

She quietly approached the bed, and, taking the youth's hand, said : “ My poor boy, I hope you are feeling better now.”

I do not think he had noticed her be-

fore. He had been for some time lying with his eyes half-closed, in that half-dreamy state which one experiences after much suffering ; but the sound of her sweet voice at once aroused him, and, looking attentively at her for a moment, he said : “ Who are you ? Where did you come from ? I am sure I never saw you before.”

“ Probably not. My name is Edna Harrington. My home is in the city ; but at present I am staying at uncle Nathan’s. He told me how ill you were, and I came over with him to see if I could do anything for you.”

“ Not for my body. I am not suffering now. I feel perfectly easy. But my mind is not at rest, and I was so frightened to-night when I thought I was going to die. O my dear young lady, I know I have but a little while to stay. The doctor spoke very low when

he was talking to uncle Nathan, but I heard it all. Yes, I know now that I must die, but I feel so unprepared. Beyond the grave all looks dark. And this world is so bright and beautiful I don't want to leave it."

"But the other world is better than this, for there there is no sickness, no sorrow, no pain, no death."

"Heaven, you mean; but that is only for the good, and I am a poor, wicked boy. Oh, how every sin I had ever committed, every unkind word I had ever spoken to my brothers, came up before me to-night, when mother said I was dying."

"True, we are all sinners, great sinners. But Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. You know about Jesus, Thomas?"

"Yes, I know something of the New Testament. I went to Sabbath-school

pretty steady last summer, but I was careless. You see I did not think I was going to die young. I expected to live to be a man, and thought there would be time enough to attend to my soul by-and-by."

"But it is not too late to attend to it now. Christ is your Saviour, and ready and willing to receive you now, this very hour, if you give your heart to him."

"But, my dear young lady, how do I know that he will receive me?"

"Just because he has promised to do it. Now can't you think of some precious promise which applies to your case?"

"Yes, there has been a verse running in my head all day. I can't quite remember it. I thought when mother got through milking, I'd have her get out the Bible and hunt it up. It was something about the chief of sinners."

“I know what verse you mean. ‘This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.’”

“Thank you ; that is it. I shall keep saying it over now all the time, so as not to forget it. Can’t you think of some more?”

“Yes, the Bible has a great many such promises ; but I must go soon ; my mother will need me.”

“Would you mind just offering a short prayer for me before you go?”

“I will ask uncle Nathan to pray.”

“No, no. I had rather you would pray. I want you to tell God I am sorry I have been such a wicked boy ; sorry I put off repenting so long ; but that if he will pardon me for Jesus’ sake, I will love and serve him what time I stay here, and take the very low-

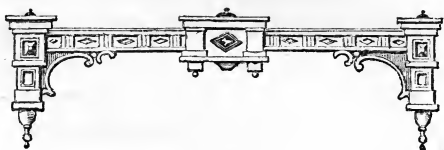
est seat in heaven if he will only let me go in."

Thus importuned, Edna could not refuse. She and uncle Nathan knelt beside the bed, and in the simplicity and earnestness of her heart she poured out her soul in behalf of her young friend. The poor boy joined in the prayer, and at its close uttered a hearty "Amen."

When she bade him good-night, he said, "You have done me so much good. Will you come and see me again?"

"Yes, I will come again to-morrow."

On their way home, uncle Nathan said: "I am so glad you came with me. You have such a gift for talking. You always seem to know just what to say to every one."



VIII.

THE HUMBLE PENITENT.

IT was late when uncle Nathan and Edna reached the farmhouse. The twins were tired and sleepy, but they could not think of going to bed until sister came. They had many inquiries to make about the sick boy, and the next morning, when she set off to make her promised visit, they were both anxious to accompany her.

“Poor boy! how hard it must be for him to lie in bed this nice weather, and out here in the country, too, where there is so much to see and enjoy.”

“Yes, Nora dear, we who are well cannot be too thankful to our heavenly Father, who gives us health and strength, and surrounds us with so many blessings.”

But much as they desired it, Edna would not permit her sisters to go with her on her errand of mercy that morning. She felt that the poor sick youth ought to be kept as quiet as possible.

When they saw that their sister was firm in her refusal, they slipped out and gathered a beautiful bouquet of flowers, and Eva said: “Take this to the sick boy, sister, and put it where he can look at it as he lies in bed. It will be company for him. And tell him I am sorry for him, and hope he will soon be better.”

When Edna entered John Nizely's sick room, he held out his feeble hand and said: “I am so glad you have come.

I lay awake in the night thinking of what you said to me, and repeating that precious text, 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' I know that I am a great sinner, but I do believe there is mercy for even such as I."

"Most assuredly there is. Shall I read to you, this morning, something else in God's word?"

"Yes, do read to me some more of those precious texts. How strange that I never saw their value before."

Edna took out her pocket Bible and opened to these words: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."

"Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near."

"Let the wicked forsake his ways, and

the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon him."

"How beautiful that is. Please read on."

"I will; and as I read, try to apply these precious promises to your own case, Thomas."

An hour or more Edna spent with him that morning in reading and prayer, and trying to direct his mind to Jesus, the sinner's friend. When she arose to go, he said: "I think God must have sent you to me, to tell me how to be a Christian. I wanted so much some one to help me. Father or mother couldn't help me, for they don't know the way themselves. When mother saw how troubled I was, she asked the minister to come and see me. He is a good man,

and I love to hear him pray, but I did not seem to understand him as I do you. I have always felt afraid of God before, but now he seems like a kind, loving father ; and I can find no language to express my love to the dear Saviour, who suffered and died on the cross for me. May I indeed call him my Saviour ? Oh, it seems so strange that he should care for a poor, wicked boy like me."

"Yes, my young friend, I believe you have truly repented, and intrusted your soul to his care, and that he is ready to accept you as his child."

Before Edna left him, the flowers her sisters sent were put in a glass of water and placed on a table near the bed ; and when Edna repeated what her young sister said about their being company for him, he said : "Your sisters are very kind to think of me. But I shall not be

lonely ; I shall be thinking of all you have said to me till you come again."

"Not of me, but of the words of the Saviour which He has taught me to say to you."

As Edna passed out, she met Mrs. Nizely at the door. "Thank you, my young friend, for coming to our poor home to comfort our suffering boy. Your talk to him last night did him more good than the doctor's medicine."

There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, and we know there was joy in that young Christian's heart as she hastened back to the farm, thinking of the dying boy, and fervently thanking her Heavenly Father that she had been permitted to point one poor sinner to the cross of Christ.

When Edna reached home, she found her mother suffering with one of her bad headaches and longing for her return.

The twins too were both in trouble. Nora, in playing with Rover, had torn her new gingham so badly that her mother had advised her to take it off; and having no one to direct her choice, she had arrayed herself in a delicate rose-colored barege. Now it was her particular delight in the morning to go to the spring-house with aunt Dorothy, and see her skim the pans and prepare the rich cream for the churn, or make the nice yellow butter into rolls; but this morning she lost that pleasure, for the good old lady told her she had made herself too fine, that she must not come near the spring-house in such a rig as that.

Eva in watching the bees had the misfortune to get stung, and was crying with the pain, and wondering if sister never would come.

It did not take Edna long to smooth out all their little annoyances. It was

but little she could do for her mother ; still Mrs. Harrington said it was a great comfort to have her near her.

“ Just wet a towel in cold water, my child, and bind on my head ; close the blinds and let me keep perfectly quiet for a few hours. And now can you manage to keep the twins below a little while ? They seem to be unusually restless this morning, or else I am more nervous than usual.”

Edna could not help smiling when Nora came to her with the torn dress, and said she thought aunt Dorothy was so good, but that she “spoke real cross” to her that morning.

The rent in her dress was not a very serious one, and it did not take Edna long with her nimble fingers to repair it, and in a very short time after her sister’s return it was ready to put on again ; and the little girl arrayed once more in a

suitable dress, and smiling and happy, went down into the kitchen to help Lizzy shell peas for dinner.

Aunt Dorothy's first exclamation was, when she entered the kitchen: "And so you thought old auntie cross did you? Come here and give her a kiss, and let us be friends again. You see she didn't want you to spoil that pretty dress; sister Edna would have felt so bad."

Eva's trouble was more serious, and her sister knew she was sincere when she said, "I know it is babyish in me to cry just for the sting of a bee, but it pains me so I can't help it."

Fortunately, aunt Dorothy had a remedy, which when applied soon relieved the sufferer, and in a short time she was able to go down to her sister and Edna was left alone with her mother. She embraced the opportunity to write a long letter to Louise, giving her a description

of the pleasant old farmhouse and its surroundings, and relating every incident of any importance which had occurred since they left home.

After dinner, Edna proposed that Lizzy should commence her drawing lessons that afternoon, having first consulted with her aunt to see if it would be agreeable.

"Most certainly it will," aunt Dorothy said, "I shall be only too much obliged if you think you have the time. The poor child leads rather a dull life of it here on the farm with us two old folks. There are plenty of young girls down in the village that would like to be friendly with her, but she don't seem to care for them. Lizzy has changed wonderfully within the last year. She isn't the same light-hearted, happy girl that she used to be before she knew Alfred Vernon. Young as she is, she has had her

own troubles. But I must not speak of it. Perhaps she will tell you all about it some day."

About two o'clock in the afternoon, Edna brought her drawing materials into the dining-room, and Lizzy and the two little girls seated themselves around the large old-fashioned dining-table and commenced their lessons.

Before giving Lizzy any instruction, Edna persuaded her to let her see what she had already done. She felt much reluctance in bringing out what she called her scrawls, but she need not, for they certainly did her much credit. The old couple were not mistaken in thinking their niece had a taste for drawing. She had more than that, for some of her rough sketches showed real talent.

"I can teach you the rudiments, but you will soon need a more experienced teacher. You must come to Philadel-

phia next winter and take lessons of Mr. Kimble.

“I should like to very much,” she said somewhat sadly, “if uncle and aunt are willing.”

“I will answer for that. The dear old man and I are the best of friends. I will arrange it all with him before we go back.”

“And when she comes to Philadelphia we will take her to the picture gallery, wont we, sister? There are pictures there of men and women, that look just as if they were going to speak to you. And trees, and houses, and beautiful churches, that look as real as this house and the trees out in the lawn yonder.”

“Yes, Nora dear, when she comes to the city, she shall see everything that is worth seeing; but just stop talking now for a little while: see how crooked you are getting your lines.”

The little group had been engaged in

this pleasant occupation an hour or more, when aunt Dorothy came to tell them there were several young ladies in the parlor, and that they inquired for Lizzy and Miss Harrington.

Lizzy went down with Edna, and introduced her to her friends. They did not seem like strangers to her, for she at once recognized them as the young ladies of the Bible-class she had taught on the previous Sabbath. They made a long call, and Edna, on further acquaintance, was much pleased with them. They were not as richly dressed, and did not show as much culture as some of her city acquaintances; but they were lady-like, sensible, intelligent girls, and Edna could not help wondering why Lizzy was not more intimate with them. Aunt Dorothy urged them to stay to tea. She said that "when she was young, girls didn't run in and sit fifteen or twenty minutes

with their bonnets on, and then leave ; they brought their knitting-work or ruffling, took off their bonnets, and stayed all the afternoon, and took tea."

The young ladies smiled, but politely declined the invitation, saying, " they had already stayed much longer than they had intended."

As it was nearly teatime when they left, there was no more time for drawing that day. Mrs. Harrington's headache had passed off, and Edna was delighted when she returned to her room to find her up and dressed.

Edna had brought from her home, to fill up her spare hours, not only her drawing materials, her embroidery and a number of her favorite authors, but considerable plain sewing. She made it a point to read every day to her mother, but she seldom found time to sew, except to keep the little girls' wardrobes in repair.

An hour every morning she spent with her young friend Thomas Nizely, and sometimes she and Lizzy walked over to his humble home in the evening. For a few days after Edna's first visit, he seemed to be really gaining strength; he had more appetite, and his cough was less troublesome; in fact, all his symptoms were more favorable.

His mother, easily deceived, said to his father, "Don't you see how the boy is picking up since the dear young lady began to visit him? We'll have him up before long."

But the father shook his head. He knew it was only a temporary rallying, which one so often sees just before the final summons comes.

And the dear youth himself was not deceived. He too knew he was dying, but the fear, the dread, was all gone. How the change had been wrought, or the

precise moment when God for Christ's sake spoke peace to his soul, he could not tell.

“The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth ; so is every one that is born of the Spirit.”

To Edna, her daily intercourse with him was ever after one of the most precious memories of her life. Gladly would she have spent more time with him, but other thoughts and other duties were constantly claiming her time and attention.

Her mother was gaining slowly, though her improvement was not so rapid as her friends could wish. Mr. Harrington, as often as he could get away from his business, came down to the farm, frequently spending several days. Louise too had been down several times with her father,

but she could not be absent on the Sabbath, on account of the mission-school.

She reported it in a flourishing condition. Quite a number of new scholars had come into the school since Edna left, and the young men of their church were raising money to build a small chapel in that part of the city, hoping to bring under religious influence a class of persons who never attended church.

Only one real cause of anxiety now rested upon Edna's mind, and that was more on her mother's account than her own. Several weeks had now elapsed since Edward bade his family farewell, and set out on his western tour. He promised to write as soon as he reached San Francisco, but not a line had they ever received from him. The delay was really affecting Mrs. Harrington's health. Her constant anxiety in regard to him was daily wearing upon her. How eager-

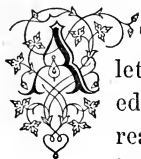
ly she watched the daily mail, always repeating the same question : “ Any letters from the West? Any news from Edward?” And then it was painful to see the look of disappointment which would settle on her face, when told there were none.





IX.

A LETTER FROM EDWARD—LIZZY TELLS
HER TROUBLES.



THE last the long-looked-for letter arrived. It was directed to Mr. Harrington, and after reading it, knowing how anxious his wife was, he put it in his pocket and set out for the farm. It was too precious a missive to be longer trusted in the mailbags; he would be the bearer himself.

Edward made no apologies for not writing sooner; said he was well, and enjoying himself. It was a long letter, and in it he gave a glowing description of his journey, and the wonderful scenery

through which he had passed. He said that, until he took this trip across the continent, he never fully realized what a grand and wonderful country it was. He also described San Francisco, and the adjacent country, but said he was greatly disappointed in the city itself, and the general tone of society, and closed his epistle by saying :

“I know it will be a great comfort to mother, when I tell her that I have not the slightest desire to make this city of sandhills and dust my home. I shall turn my face toward the rising sun as soon as I have taken a good look at the mining regions ; but you need not look for me home these two months. I want to make a visit to Salt Lake City, and see for myself that remarkable man, Brigham Young, of whom I have heard so much. I shall also, on my way home, stop at St. Louis, Chicago, and Cincin-

nati. This will detain me until October; but tell mother not to worry about me if I don't write every week—she knows I always did detest letter-writing.”

“And yet he writes so well, when he sets himself about it, the dear boy,” Mrs. Harrington said, as she wiped away the grateful tears, which were streaming down her pale cheeks.

“Well put in, wife. When he sets himself about it—that is the trouble. Edward has talent enough, as I have always told you; but he is too indolent to use it. He needs something to rouse him.”

“Only have patience with him, husband, and my word for it, we shall yet have reason to be proud of him.”

“I will, dear wife, and if for no other reason because you wish it. If the prayers and devoted love of one of the best mothers in the world will make him

a noble, true man, I am sure he will be one."

Mr. Harrington made a brief stay that day, as he was obliged to return to the city in the evening. His last words to his wife, as he bade her good-by were, "Now that your mind is at rest about your boy, you have nothing to do but to get well and strong as fast as you can. I hope to see more color in these pale cheeks when I come again. The weeks are passing. We can't let you stay longer than September."

It was late in the afternoon of a bright, beautiful day in August. Edna and Lizzy had been seated for the last two hours beside the old-fashioned table, in the cool, shady dining-room, busily engaged with their drawing materials. They had had a very quiet afternoon, not having been once interrupted since they seated themselves at the table. Uncle Nathan

had some business to transact in the next town, and had persuaded Mrs. Harrington to let him take the two little girls with him, for the sake of the ride there and back.

For the last half hour neither of the girls had spoken. Edna was very much engaged on a drawing which she intended to present to uncle Nathan. It was a sketch of the old farmhouse and grounds, which she was finishing up in water-colors.

"There, Lizzy," she at length said, "how do you like this? Do the grand old trees in front of the house look life-like? I wonder if the dear old man will recognize it?"

There was no reply. "Why don't you tell me how you like it, Lizzy dear; or are you so much engaged you have n't time?" And then she pushed the drawing toward her, as if determined to attract

her attention ; but in a moment she drew it back, for there was something in the expression of the young girl's face which almost frightened her.

She had laid aside her drawing, and with hands clasped sat gazing into vacancy, apparently unconscious of all that was passing around her. The expression of her face was peculiarly mournful, and the tears were silently streaming down her cheeks. For a moment Edna was undecided as to what she ought to do. Should she steal softly out of the room, and leave her to herself, or go to her and try to comfort her ? She had too much delicacy to wish to intrude upon her private griefs, or try to draw from her a reluctant confidence ; but she had often noticed her young friend's sadness during the last few weeks, and now, touched with sympathy she approached her softly, threw her arm around her neck, drew

her head to her bosom, and said: "What is it, darling? Come, tell me all about it, and let me see if I can't do something to comfort you."

"Oh, I forgot you were here. I beg your pardon, I am very weak and foolish, but I can't help it."

"But wont you tell me, and let me see if I can't help you?"

"Oh, you can't help me—no one can help me but God; and I do pray fervently to him, but peace don't come."

"Do not go yet," said Edna, for she had made an effort to rise and leave the room. "You will be calmer by-and-by. If you cannot tell me, lie here on my bosom and weep—it will do you good. You have no mother's bosom to lay your head upon; let it rest here upon mine for a few moments."

Edna was but a few months older than her companion, but her manner towards

her was very much that of a fond mother caressing a grieved child.

“May God pity and comfort you, and give you strength to bear your sorrow, whatever it is,” she said, softly imprinting a kiss upon her pale forehead.

For a short time she remained in the same position, softly weeping; but the striking of the clock at length aroused her, and she said, “I must go now. It is time to gather up our drawing materials, and set the table for tea. Tonight, when the sun goes down, we will take a walk on the beach, and then I will tell you all. I have often wanted to do so, but feared you would despise me for being so weak and foolish; but now I know you love me too well for that.”

Lizzy was naturally timid, and it was with much reluctance she commenced her story; but her word had been given, and there was no going back.

“ It is a little over a year since I first made the acquaintance of Alfred Vernon. He called at the house one afternoon, I think it was in the early part of July, and inquired for uncle Nathan. Neither he nor aunt was at home that afternoon. They had gone down to the village to attend a funeral. I told him I expected them back in the course of an hour, and he said he would wait till they came. He looked very pale, said he was not strong, and that his walk from the village had wearied him. I brought him a pillow, advised him to lie down on the lounge, and, after bringing him a glass of iced water, left the room.

“ When uncle and aunt came, he made known his errand. He was overworked, out of health, and had come to the country for rest and quiet. He had come to inquire if they would take him into their family as a boarder for a few weeks.





He had an acquaintance in the village who had been an intimate friend of his father, and he had directed him to the farmhouse.

“Dear, honest, simple-minded uncle Nathan at once consented to his coming, never once dreaming what effect it might have upon me, who had seen so little of the world, to be constantly associated with so fascinating a man as Alfred Vernon. That evening his trunks were brought from the hotel to our house, and he was at once established in the family on the most familiar footing.

“Uncle Nathan and aunt Dorothy were from the first charmed with him. He was a fine talker, had read much, had seen something of the world, and had a thousand pleasant anecdotes to relate. He was also a good listener. He would sit by the hour, apparently listening with the greatest attention, while

uncle talked about his farm, the prospect of his crops, the markets, and the improvements he was planning for the coming year. And then, in the afternoon, when auntie's work was over for the day, and, in her snowy cap and neat brown gingham dress, with knitting-work in hand, she would seat herself on the porch, he would bring down one of his favorite authors and read aloud to her, or sit and listen with the most respectful attention as she went over all the particulars of poor Georgie's going to the war, his bravery on the battlefield, and his final fall at Gettysburg.

It was some days before I sufficiently overcame my timidity to feel at ease in his society. He knew so much, and was so polished and refined, that I was afraid to converse with him. But he had, in addition to his other gifts, a way of drawing out your best thoughts, and

making you pleased with yourself. I know not how it was, for now it all seems like a dream, but before I had known Mr. Vernon two weeks, I found myself uttering thoughts to him which had never passed my lips before.

“After that, what long, bright, happy days followed. How many times we came to this very spot to watch the setting sun as it slowly disappeared beyond those distant hills. And then there were the delightful walks home in the cool of the evening; and it was in one of these walks he told his love, and asked me to be his wife.

“There was only only one drawback to my happiness, and that was that for the present our engagement was to be kept from my uncle and aunt. I pleaded hard to be permitted to tell them, but Alfred said, ‘No, not until after my return from Europe. We cannot be

married for a year or two, and it is best nothing should be said about it.'

"I was young, and in no hurry to become a wife; was willing to wait any number of years if he desired it. But I felt that my uncle and aunt were my natural guardians, and ought to be informed of it. Besides, I was pining for their approval and blessing.

"In September, with health fully restored, and, to my partial eye, much handsomer than when we first met, he returned to New York. In about a month more he sailed for Europe.

"He had studied law after leaving college, because his father wished him to do so, but said he never liked it, and had pretty much given it up, and now devoted his time almost entirely to literary pursuits. While he was in Europe he was a correspondent of one of the New York papers."

“But did he never write you, while he was in Europe?”

“Yes, regularly, once a month; and such beautiful letters they were, too. Part of the time he was in Paris, and some of the time in Rome.”

“Then your uncle and aunt must have known of his partiality for you.”

“Yes, and though, true to my promise to Alfred, I never told them in so many words of our engagement, they understood pretty well how matters stood between us. Uncle Nathan said old people had eyes, and he saw from the first how it would end.

“How many books I read, and how hard I studied that winter! for I was ambitious to make myself worthy of him who had chosen me, from all others, to be his wife.

“He was to return in June, but he did not reach New York until the middle of

July. I knew in what vessel he was to come, and when the ship in which he sailed reached New York, I saw in a city paper his name among the list of passengers.

“He had promised to spend a month at the farm, and how anxiously I awaited his arrival from day to day. But days and weeks passed, and yet he did not come.

“At last one day, uncle Nathan brought from the postoffice a large package directed to me. Eagerly I opened it, for the address was in the dear familiar hand I knew so well; when out of it dropped all my letters, my pictures, and a lock of hair which he had himself severed from my head, as a keepsake till we met again.

“Accompanying the letters was a brief note, most carefully worded, in which he asked me to release him from his engage-

ment, saying, that after mature reflection he had come to the conclusion, that in a life-long union we could never make each other happy; and that while he considered me one of the loveliest of my sex, and still desired to retain me as his friend, a just regard for my happiness, as well as his own, forbade that we should ever be more than that to each other.

“As soon as I was able, for several days passed of which I had no remembrance, I replied to it, and in as few words as possible gave him back his promised troth—told him he was free, and with it returned his letters, his ring, and every memento or keepsake he had ever given me. That was the end of my girlish dream—a dream which I feared from the first was too bright and beautiful to last.”

Edna had said but little during the

recital ; but now with tears in her eyes she threw her arms around her friend's neck and said : " Poor motherless girl, how I pity you ! So young, too, to have suffered so much ! God has mercifully spared me any such experience ; but my woman's nature tells me how hard it must have been for you. But our heavenly Father does not willingly afflict his children, and I am sure in some way it will be overruled to your good. I need not speak to you of the efficacy of prayer—of the precious privilege of going to Him who hears and answers prayer, and spreading out your sorrows before him, and praying for strength to bear them."

" Oh, I do pray ; I do try to be submissive. But I am very unbelieving, and it almost frightens me sometimes, when I think what wicked thoughts I have had about God. Again and again

have I asked myself the question, 'If he really cared for me, why did he send this affliction upon me? Why was Alfred Vernon permitted to cross my path?' My life was so peaceful and happy before he came, and now it seems to me, sometimes, I have nothing to live for—that I have lost all interest in life. Shall I always feel thus?"

"No dear, the Comforter will come by-and-by. God will remove the affliction, when it has accomplished the work for which it was sent. You know what Paul says: 'No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.'"

"But, my lost faith, will that ever come back? It is not alone that I am not to be Alfred Vernon's wife, but he has disappointed me so. I thought him

so noble, so good, that in losing faith in him I seem to have lost faith in almost every one else."

"I do not know," Edna said thoughtfully, "that life will ever again be to you just what it once was ; but I do believe this very sorrow will strengthen and develop your character, and that you will be a nobler, better woman for all you have suffered. But Lizzy dear, it is getting late ; we must start for home. The dew is falling."

On their way home Edna said : "There is one thing more I wish to say to you before we separate for the night ; and that is, if you really want to get back your peace of mind, and honor your Saviour, you must not make yourself too much of a nun, but try to mingle more with our neighbors and friends."

"I try to do my duty to my uncle and aunt, and be to them in place of a daugh-

ter ; but I have no desire to go with the young people of the village."

"And why not? The young ladies that I have met are pleasant and sensible girls ; their society would do you good. And then, why not go into the Sabbath-school? I am sure you would make a good teacher ; and Carry White tells me too that they miss you very much in the choir. You have a rich alto voice, and it would be a great addition to their feeble choir."

Lizzy said nothing, and Edna continued : "Carry invited me to come to the sewing-circle, Thursday afternoon. She says they are just finishing up a box of clothing to send to a missionary in Kansas. They want to get it off by the first of September. I promised to come, and bring you with me."

"Oh I can't go. I have not been out anywhere except to church since—"

“ You need not finish the sentence. I know when you mean, but I know you will go to Carrie’s on Thursday, if for no other reason, to gratify me. Good night now, darling, and pleasant dreams ;” for by this time they had reached the farmhouse, and Edna, not finding either her mother or sisters below, at once hastened to her own room.





X.

THE PICNIC—THOMAS.

IT was the last week in August. The Harringtons were talking of returning to the city the following week. Uncle Nathan was trying to persuade them to remain until the middle of September, but Mrs. Harrington's health was so much improved, that her husband was impatient for her return.

The young people of A——, with whom Edna had made herself a great favorite, were to have a picnic on Thursday. And, partly because she was very fond of the society of young people, but

more on Lizzy's account, she entered into the preparations with her whole heart. She had, by dint of reasoning and coaxing, in part succeeded in drawing her young friend from her self-imposed solitude ; and seeing the good effect it was having upon her, lost no opportunity of bringing her and the young people of the village together.

The young men proposed that they should go to the woods in the morning, take their dinner and spend the day. But Edna opposed this. She said it was so short a distance to the grounds, it would be pleasanter to wait until after dinner ; that they would then have the whole afternoon before them ; that they could take tea on the grounds instead of dinner, and have a pleasant ride home in the cool of the evening.

The twins were delighted, and very anxious to assist in the preparations.

They helped Lizzy make the cake and gather the fruits and flowers, and they were to take part in a welcome song, which was to be sung immediately after they reached the grounds.

In the morning Edna, as usual, visited her young friend Thomas. She had spent the previous Sabbath afternoon with him, and a most precious time it had been to them both. Heaven, the wonderful love of the Saviour, and the joy with which he was looking forward to his approaching change, had been his theme.

But that morning he did not seem so much inclined to talk, though before she left he told Edna he had something very joyful to tell her; that his father had commenced praying and reading the Bible, and he believed was trying to be a Christian. He said too he had talked with his two brothers, and hoped they would give their hearts to the Saviour.

“My poor mother,” he afterwards said, “God will comfort her and show her the way to Him after I am gone. She does not seem to understand now, but she will by-and-by.”

After that he took her hand, and looked long and tenderly into her face.

“What is it, my dear boy? Is there anything I can do for you?”

“No. I only want to get your looks fixed in my mind. I shall not forget you if I do not see you again for years and years; and when it comes your turn to cross the river, and enter the pearly gates, if my Saviour will permit me, I hope to be the first to welcome you home.”

Edna looked alarmed, for there was something almost unearthly in the expression of his face as he uttered these words.

“My dear boy, do you feel worse this morning?”

"No. I am not suffering at all, only tired."

"But I fear you are worse. I have promised to go out to the grove with the young people this afternoon, but if you prefer it I will give it up and remain with you."

"Oh, no, not for anything ; it would be such a disappointment to them all."

"Farewell, dear friend," he said, when Edna arose to take her leave ; "God will bless you, not only in this world but through the long ages of eternity, for your kindness to one of the most unworthy of his little ones."

With much reluctance Edna took leave of Thomas that morning, for she had a strange fear that this was to be their last meeting and parting on earth.

It was a most delightful spot, some two miles from the village, that the young people had chosen for their rustic fête.

The grove itself was a beautiful piece of oak and hickory, slightly elevated, and commanding a full view of A——, and the little inlet, or bay, on which the town was situated. It was entirely clear of underbrush, and the young men had prepared temporary seats and put up a swing, and in the centre of the grove, under the spreading branches of a fatherly old oak, they had placed a table, which was to be ere long the repository of their abundant refreshments prepared for the occasion. To hide the rough boards of which it was constructed, it was covered with snowy damask and ornamented with flowers.

Uncle Nathan drove the girls out in his old-fashioned rockaway. They all urged him to remain, but he said he had another engagement, and would try to come out and take tea with them.

After the company had all reached

the grove, they spent a half-hour or more in singing. They first sung the welcome-song, then a number of others which Edna had selected for the occasion; after which the company separated by common consent into groups, wandering here and there, leaving all perfectly free to enjoy themselves as they liked.

To the younger portion of the company the swing was a great attraction. The young gentlemen took turns in keeping it in motion, and helping the young misses in and out of their airy seats.

Edna, Lizzy, Carry White, and the more womanly of the young ladies were setting the table and preparing for their rustic feast, thus giving the younger girls an opportunity to frolic to their heart's content.

At five o'clock the great bell, which had been brought out for the special

purpose, sent forth its merry peal, and the young people came flocking from all parts of the ground to the spot where the ample board was spread.

Expressions of admiration and delight were upon every tongue the moment their eyes rested on the table.

"How exquisitely Miss Edna has arranged everything!" "How beautiful those flowers are in the centre of the table!" "And there is my cake trimmed with myrtle!" "And mine decorated with fuschias!" "And those peaches in the glass dish—could there be anything more tempting?"

One young man, who had been doing service at the swing, and had more of an eye to the substantials, said, "Look at that nice pink ham. That must have come from uncle Nathan's cellar. No one else could cure hams like that."

And then from another young gentle-

man, a resident of A——: “Upon my word, there is Lizzy Bradford really taking a part in what is going on, and looking almost as happy as any of us. And they say, too, it is all owing to Miss Harrington that we have her back in the choir.”

The coffee, too, which Edna had prepared with her own hands, was pronounced splendid by the young gentlemen, while most of the young ladies followed her example and took only water or lemonade.

Just as they were passing the coffee, their minister, the Rev. Mr. Wilmot, and Mr. Giles, the superintendent of the Sabbath-school, reached the grounds; and, at the close of the meal, the good minister, in a few appropriate words, returned thanks for the temporal mercies and hallowed enjoyments of the hour, fervently praying that in the last great

day "that youthful company might all be permitted to sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb."

The coming of their minister, instead of being a damper on the spirits of the young people, served rather to add to their enjoyment. For an hour or more, after the conclusion of the feast, they wandered here and there under the cool shade of the trees, or collected in little groups in different parts of the grove, and conversed in low tones on subjects interesting only to themselves.

But at last, just as the sun was slowly sinking behind the distant hills, they began to make preparations for returning home. It had been an afternoon of almost uninterrupted enjoyment. Not one untoward event had occurred to mar the pleasure of the hour.

It was late before uncle Nathan reached the grove, and nearly all the

young people had started for their homes. Edna noticed that the good old man was more quiet than was his wont, and was sure something unusual must have occurred. She almost feared to ask, and besides, she did not wish to mar the enjoyment of her young sisters by speaking of what was uppermost in her mind.

The two little girls sat on the front seat, on either side of uncle Nathan, but he seemed almost unconscious of their presence. After they had rode on a short distance, Nora said: "O uncle, we have had such a nice time. I was never happier in my life."

"I am glad of it, dear," was his reply.

"But why didn't you come out in time to have supper, and see the table? It was just splendid."

"I intended to, little one, but I had other work on hand about that time."

No more was said by him during the ride home.

When they reached the big gate in front of the house, Edna lingered a moment behind the rest, and laying her hand on uncle Nathan's arm, said: "What is it, uncle? What has happened? Are my fears realized? Has our young friend left us?"

"Yes, the poor boy's sufferings are over. He died at four this afternoon."

"Oh, I shall never forgive myself for leaving him. I thought he appeared strangely this morning, and I ought to have remained with him."

"But, my child, what good could you have done? When our time comes we must go. You know too we had been looking for him to go every day."

"Have you been there since his death? and how does his mother bear it?"

"I had just come from there when I

drove out for you. His mother took on terribly at first, but she was more calm before I left."

"I should like very much to go over there. Do you feel too tired to walk that distance to-night?"

"No, child ; I could go well enough, but I think you have done enough for one day. And besides, there is your mother, you have been away from her all day, and she is pining after you by this time, I know."

"You are right, good uncle, as you always are. I will wait until morning, and spend the evening with my mother."

As soon as breakfast was over the next morning, Edna hastened to the humble home of the Nizelys. Two or three of the neighbors were already there, ready to render any assistance that might be needed. Mr. Nizely, dressed in his best clothes, was sitting by the door, and when

Edna entered, rose and silently shook hands with her.

The mother was much calmer than Edna had expected to find her, and when they had together taken one long fond look at the pale sleeper, upon whose calm face a smile still lingered, she gave her the particulars of his last moments. "He told me to give his love to his father, and the boys, and tell them to be sure and meet him in heaven. 'Don't cry, mother,' he said, 'God will comfort you.' Once, after that, I thought he was trying to speak. I put my ear down to his lips, and found he was repeating something you had read to him in the morning. 'Yea, though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.' After that he fell asleep so quietly we did not know when he ceased to breathe."

At the funeral the good minister endeavored to direct the sorrowing parents in this time of their affliction, to the great source of all consolation. He had visited Thomas during his last illness, had had a number of conversations with him, and said he felt satisfied he was prepared for the change, and that what was their loss was infinite gain to him.

The next week, the Harringtons bade the kind old couple, and the many pleasant acquaintances they had made during their brief stay in the country farewell, and returned to their city home.





XI.

HOME LIFE AFTER EDNA'S RETURN TO THE CITY.

MRS. HARRINGTON, as well as her daughters, had enjoyed her summer in the country very much ; still she was not sorry when the time came for her to return to her own home.

Louise and her father knew what day they were to reach the city, and at the appointed time, Mr. Harrington went to the train to meet them.

“ Bless your soul, honey, you look ten years younger than when you went away,” was aunt Mary’s first exclama-

tion, as she entered the house, leaning on the arm of her husband.

“And you, Miss Edna, always look as fresh as a rose; and have you had a nice time in the country?”

“Yes, thank you, aunty, I have enjoyed myself very much during my absence.”

“And here are the twins. Dear hearts, it does aunty's old eyes good to see her pets once more. Come,” she said, “don't stop to talk now, but just come right out to tea. It has been waiting this half hour.”

When they were all seated at the table, Mr. Harrington said, as he glanced from one to another, “It is very pleasant to see you all back in your old places once more.”

“And I know I speak the sentiments of all when I say we are all very glad to be at home again,” Edna said.

"But I thought your friend Lizzy was to return with you."

"We all thought so too; but the dear old couple thought they could not possibly spare her before November. Then she is coming to spend several months."

When they rose from the table to pass into the parlor, Edna stopped at the piano and mechanically ran her fingers over the keys.

"Dear old friend," she said, "how glad I am to see you. It seems like an age since I touched a piano."

"O sister," said Louise, "sing and play something. I know father wants to hear some of the old songs to-night."

Again she ran her fingers over the keys of the piano, and struck up the old familiar tune, "Home, sweet home; there is no place like home," and all joined in the chorus.

When the song was finished, Mr. Har-

rington said: "Thank you, daughter. I know you sang that to please me. Now give me something more."

Edna complied for half an hour or more, when Mr. Harrington said: "Tell me about uncle Nathan and that good-hearted, motherly old woman, his wife. I am sure I am under very great obligations to them both for their kindness to my family."

"I think he is just the best old man in the world," Edna said impulsively.

"And I," said thoughtful Nora, "feel very sorry for him. It was so sad that all his little boys and girls died. Do you know that he really let a tear drop on my face when he kissed me good-by?"

"It has been a rich experience to these little girls, and one which they will never forget," Mr. Harrington said, looking pleasantly at his wife.

"Yes, father, we did have a nice time, but we missed you and Louise."

"Did you, Eva? Well, I am not going to say how much I missed my little girls."

They were all very happy that first evening after the return of the absent ones; but Edna noticed that her mother, though she did not complain, looked very weary; and when the clock struck nine, she said to the twins: "Come, let us go to our room now, and leave father and mother to themselves. You are beginning to look sleepy, I see. You can tell father some other time about the sawmill, and your horseback rides, and the haymaking."

Soon the two little girls were snugly in bed and fast asleep, and the two sisters were left to themselves. A thousand interesting things they found to talk about.

Edna's first inquiry was about the mission-school. Louise had, as on a former occasion, a most favorable account to give. New scholars were coming in all the time, and several young ladies, members of their church, had lately become interested, and were not only with them on the Sabbath, but had been to the homes of their pupils and endeavored to persuade the parents to come out to five-o'clock preaching, which was now held regularly every Sabbath afternoon at the mission school-room.

"But how about their house of worship?" Edna asked.

"Oh, the young men have raised the amount of money required, and have made a commencement. The foundation of the little church is already laid, and they hope to have it ready for services by the first of November. People gave very liberally. Even father gave two

hundred dollars. When they came to him with the subscription, he said : " Yes, I will give you something, not so much because I think you need a church in that part of the town, as because I know it would be a pleasure to my daughters to have me do so."

" God bless my dear, generous father. It is so strange that, with all his noble qualities of mind and heart, he is not a Christian. If he ever does give his heart to the Saviour, what a pillar of strength he will be in the church."

And now, once more in their own home, life with the Harringtons flowed on in its usual even current. The week following their return home, Eva and Nora re-commenced school, and the same day they resumed their music lessons, with Edna for their teacher. And with this, and her home duties, her mission-school, and her many labors of love throughout

the city, Edna found her time fully occupied. And then, too, society had its claims upon her, for the Harringtons were a wealthy and influential family, and had a large circle of acquaintances ; and Edna, as the reader already knows, was no recluse. In her religion there was no gloom, no asceticism. She dearly enjoyed the society of her friends, particularly those of her own age, and, with her pleasant, genial manners, and finely-cultivated mind, she could not fail of being a favorite in any circle.

Mrs. Harrington's health, though much improved, was still delicate, and her two daughters vied with each other in their affectionate devotion to this almost idolized parent, relieving her of household care, and carefully concealing from her those little annoyances which will come up even in the very best-regulated families.

When the cold weather came on, she found her time more fully occupied than before. After the house-cleaning, pickling, preserving, and putting up of fruit for winter use, which Edna carefully superintended, came their fall shopping, the buying and making up their dresses, and selecting their hats and cloaks for the coming winter. This too had of late almost entirely fallen upon Edna.

"It is strange," her mother said to her one day, "how you have come gradually to relieve me of one care after another, till now you have taken almost the entire burden of housekeeping and making purchases for the family off my hands."

"Was it such a burden to you, mother? Then I am heartily glad I am able to relieve you of it. I enjoy it very much," Edna said laughing.

And then, aside from her own family, there were all her mission scholars to be

clothed and fitted with new garments before cold weather came on. But she was not now alone in her labor of love. Some half a dozen earnest self-denying Christian young women, members of her own church, had volunteered to assist her. They gave very liberally, both their time and money, but they insisted that Edna should still be the head. If she would only be the leader, they would cheerfully follow. She must still take upon herself the responsibility of using the money where it was most needed, and making the purchases for the little ones.

This she willingly consented to do. They at first met every week at Edna's home ; but after due consultation, it was thought best to meet at the mission school-rooms once a week, to cut out and fix their work, and then to let each one take home what she thought she could

do, before they met again. Under this arrangement, before cold weather fairly set in, the children of their school, some fifty in number, were all fitted out with comfortable clothing.

The last Sabbath in November, services were for the first time held in their new chapel. It had been Edna's ambition to have all her Sunday-school scholars present on that occasion, and she and her friends felt doubly repaid for the sacrifices they had made, when, just before the services commenced, they saw these once-neglected, half-clad, little boys and girls, now neatly dressed, and looking smiling and happy, march quietly in and seat themselves, with as much decorum as if they had been carefully reared in Christian homes.

And they were not alone, for quite a number had brought their parents with them. And it was gratifying to see

with what attention they listened to the preaching of the word, some of them perhaps for the first time in their lives. And we believe the plain simple truths of the gospel, as set forth on that particular Sabbath by that youthful ambassador of the cross, carried conviction to the heart of more than one heretofore careless sinner, who from that hour resolved to seek till they found peace and pardon in believing in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Now that the mission chapel was completed, and her Sunday-school scholars all fitted out with comfortable clothing, Edna had more time to give to her family. Generally, life in the Harrington mansion flowed on in an even, quiet way, and one would have thought, had he seen how cheerfully Edna went about her accustomed duties, that she had not a care to disturb her mind.

But she had her crosses and trials, notwithstanding all this ; and what was hardest of all, they came from those she loved. Yet she bore them so meekly, that to others they did not seem like crosses.





XII.

HOME TRIALS--EDWARD RETURNS.

NONE day in the last of November, just after the family had seated themselves at the dinner-table, Eva in her impulsive way, said: "O mother, can't we go to dancing-school? Jane Wilson, Lucy Williams, Carry Jones, and ever so many of the girls are going. Jane has a new pink tarleton, and Carry Robinson has a white trimmed with blue. Nora and I were talking about it coming from school, and we thought we should like a pink silk trimmed with white."

"Why how you run on, child. Wait

a little till you have eaten some dinner, before you say any more. Of course, if we think best to have you go, you will have what is proper to wear."

"Yes, wife, Mr. Vandevere, the dancing-master, spoke to me some days ago, but it had entirely slipped my mind. I did not put my name to his paper, but told him our girls would very likely attend—that I would speak to you about it."

"I do not know, husband; I had hardly thought of it."

"O mother! You are not going to consent to the twins attending dancing-school, are you?"

"What is your objection, Miss Harrington?"

There was something in her father's manner as he said this, which at first almost frightened her; but she was not naturally cowardly, and it passed in a

moment; then looking him fairly in the face, she said: "I have several objections."

"Will you please to state them?"

"Yes, sir. In the first place, the girls are too young to go out in the evening without an older brother or sister to look after them; then it would keep them up at night long beyond their usual bedtime, take their minds from their studies, and foster in their youthful hearts a love for dress and display, which would be a serious injury to them."

"I do not know what you mean by their going alone; of course they will be taken to the hall and back in the carriage, and Louise will accompany them. I presume she is not so accomplished but that she can learn something from Professor Vandevere."

"Thank you, father; but I shall not dance any more."

“Why not? Have your turned saint too?”

Louise was naturally timid, her mother's own child in that respect; and seeing her father was angry, was afraid to reply, and looked appealingly to her sister for help.

“Have you forgotten, father? I think I told you, when Louise united with the church at our last communion. You know dancing is contrary to the rules of our church. Would you have your daughter bring disgrace upon her profession, by breaking the solemn promises she has just made?”

“A pretty set of Pharisees I have got about me, and a pretty church too to condemn so innocent an enjoyment for young people as dancing. This is all your work, Edna. Your mother was a member of the church when I married her, and I never heard her condemn

dancing. Do you set up to be better than your mother?"

"No, father."

"O husband, don't," was all Mrs. Harrington attempted to say.

"I do not care whether the twins attend dancing or not, wife, but I took it for granted, as the other children had attended, you would like to have the two little girls go too. It is really a matter of no importance to me, and I shall let you decide as you think best; but I do not like to be dictated to by my own children," he said, looking sternly at Edna.

"I do not wish to dictate to you, father," Edna said, looking at him as calmly as she could, for she too was a good deal moved. "You asked my reasons for objecting to their going, and I gave them. I would not willingly offend you, but I must use my influence with

mother to persuade her not to give her consent to the little girls' attending the dancing school."

"And you will succeed, as you do in everything else you set your mind on," Mr. Harrington said, rising from the table and walking into the sitting-room. He took his paper, as was his custom, before going back to the store; but he did not again speak, and soon after left the house.

Edna rose from the table, and at once hastened to her own room. Once more in the seclusion of her chamber, she burst into tears.

"May God forgive me if I have done wrong, and help my dear father to see his error. I was so sorry to offend him, but I could not do otherwise than speak the truth."

Then she threw herself on her knees, and fervently prayed for help and divine direction. After a few moments' silent

communion with her Heavenly Father, she rose from her knees refreshed and strengthened. A moment more passed, and then the two little girls entered her room.

"Forgive me," Eva said, as they both threw their arms around her neck; "it was all my fault that father was displeased with you, and I am very sorry."

"So am I too," Nora said. "Of course we do not want to go to dancing-school, if you and mother think it is wrong. We love you better than all the dancing-schools and fine dresses in the world."

"You are just two of the dearest, sweetest little sisters that one ever had, and I am glad you give it up so good-naturedly. But it is school-time now and you must go," she said, kissing them both. "This evening I am going out to visit a poor woman in the eastern part of the city, and you may go with me."

It was some time before Edna felt calm enough to go down to her mother. Her first salutation when she entered the room where her mother was sitting was, "I am sorry, my dear, for what has happened—sorry you were so unfortunate as to offend your father."

"I am sorry, too; but I do not see how I could have done otherwise than express my opinion when asked for it."

"I dare say you are right, child; but wouldn't it have been better to let the girls go one term, than to have so seriously offended him?"

"O mother, my dear Christian mother, how can you say so? I do not wish to say more than I ought, but this doing what we think is wrong, simply from fear of man, seems terrible to me. Just try for a moment to forget father, and think of the day when we must all give an account at the bar of God for the deeds

done in the body ; and try to realize what an effect it might have on these innocent children, to expose them to the unhallowed influences with which they would be surrounded in Mr. Vandevere's school. How often and how earnestly have you given them to God in prayer, and devoted them to his service. May he indeed help you faithfully to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

There was something so solemn and impressive in Edna's manner as she said this, something in her look at that moment, which reminded Mrs. Harrington of her own father, the man of unflinching faith and firm trust in God, in whose veins flowed some of the best blood of the martyrs, and who would have sooner lost his own right hand than have committed an act that his conscience told him was wrong.

"You are a brave noble girl, my

daughter," Mrs. Harrington at length said, "and you have shown me my duty as I never saw it before. Forgive me, my child, I fear I have been too weak and too yielding ; more afraid of offending my husband than of sinning against God. Your father left the matter for me to decide ; it shall be as you wish, and hereafter when you see me too weak and yielding, you must be my strength."

The subject was not again mentioned in the family ; what passed between her father and mother, Edna never knew.

For some days after, there was a perceptible coldness in Mr. Harrington's manner towards his favorite daughter ; but the arrival of Edward put an end to it. Instead of coming in October as he had written, it was the last week in November when he reached Philadelphia.

The return of this much-loved son and brother, notwithstanding his wayward-

ness and the anxiety he had caused his parents, was a most joyful event to all ; more particularly to his mother, who though she said but little, was secretly mourning over his prolonged absence.

He came home in fine spirits ; said he had never before enjoyed himself so well. He had spent several weeks in San Francisco and the adjoining country ; had explored the Yosemite valley ; had visited Salt Lake City ; had seen the Mormon leader, heard him preach, and seen several of his wives.

On his return home he had visited St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati, and all the principal cities east of the Mississippi, and finished his trip by spending two days at Niagara.

The younger members of the family were never weary of hearing him talk of his journey, particularly of the grand and wonderful scenery of California. The

Yosemite valley was to him the grandest, the most wonderful of all. Sometimes he would sit for half an hour trying to describe it, but always finish by saying: "I can't do it justice. It is one of those wonders in nature which can't be described. Father must take you all there some day and let you see it for yourselves. It is next to Niagara, the greatest wonder in America.

"And then the trees are so remarkable. Only think, little ones, of a tree thirty feet in diameter, covering an area at the base of its trunk, larger than this room, and three hundred feet high."

"How long did it take them to grow?" Eva naively inquired.

"A long time, little sister. Some men who have given their attention to the subject, think they must have first sprung up and commenced putting forth their shoots, about the commencement of the

Christian era, nearly two thousand years ago."

But what especially pleased Mrs. Harrington was Edward's assuring her that he had no desire to settle in the West. "The West," he said, "is a great, a glorious country, but every town of any size is already overrun with men from the East, particularly professional men, all expecting to make a fortune in a few years, go to Congress, and perhaps be President." For his part, he believed a niche could be found for him nearer home, and after he had given his mother an opportunity to look at him for a few days, he was going to New York to see what he could find there.



XIII.

LIZZY BRADFORD'S VISIT—CHRISTMAS.

THE week after Edward's return, Lizzy, accompanied by uncle Nathan and aunt Dorothy, came to the city to make her promised visit. The old couple stayed a week, and a most delightful week it was to all. The two little girls were allowed a holiday from school, to visit with them, and frequently Mr. Harrington left his clerks to manage affairs at the store and on 'change, and gave up his time to entertaining his guests. Every day, always accompanied by the

twins, he gave them a drive around the city, showing them everything that was worth seeing, all the time secretly enjoying the old couple's quaint remarks, as one object of interest after another attracted their attention.

Edward, too, treated the old couple with more respect than ever before, and seemed vastly pleased with gentle Lizzy, who was a great favorite with all the Harrington family.

On the Sabbath, in the morning they went with the Harringtons to hear Dr. B—— preach, and in the afternoon uncle Nathan walked out with the young people to their mission church. The good old man was delighted with the school, and, on their return home, put a twenty-dollar bankbill in Edna's hand as a donation to their library.

The old couple shed tears when they parted with their niece, at the same time

saying they knew they were foolish, and it was all natural enough that she should want to see a little of the world ; but the old house would be very lonely without her.

The Harringtons assured them they would take the very best care of her, and send her back all safe in the spring.

As Christmas was so near, it was not thought advisable for Lizzy to commence her painting lessons until after the holidays. Edna, however, took her to Mr. Kimble's studio, introduced her to the artist, and made arrangements for her and Louise to commence their lessons at the beginning of the new year.

They were to have a Christmas tree and festival in Dr. B——'s church for the Sabbath-school, on Christmas eve. Edna and Louise took an active part in the preparations, and it was astonishing

to see with what interest Lizzy entered into it all. Edna, with a grateful heart, saw the change in her young friend, but said nothing.

The entertainment passed off to the satisfaction of all parties ; but the Christmas tree, with its hundred wax candles, and bending beneath its weight of costly presents, was the wonder and admiration of the little folks. The twins came home with their arms loaded with presents.

Edna and Louise received several elegantly-bound books, and some expensive jewelry, which they knew came from their father. Lizzy, too, had a number of presents ; but great was her surprise when, at last, a large paper box was handed her, which, on being opened, was found to contain an elegant set of mink furs. She was much surprised, and at a great loss to know what she

ought to do about accepting so costly a present from an unknown hand.

Edna, after they reached home, seeing something troubled her, said : " What is it, little one ? Are n't you pleased with your presents ? "

" Yes, very much. These furs are very beautiful. I never expected to have any so nice. But ought I to accept them ? "

" Why not, my dear ? You are certainly Yankee enough to guess where they came from, are you not ? It would hurt father's feelings very much to have you refuse them. You, of course, know they came from him. I was with him when the purchase was made. "

" Oh, you overwhelm me with kindness. How shall I ever repay you ? "

" By saying nothing about it, and being as happy as you can while you are with us. "

The children of the mission-school were not forgotten. The next evening at their church there was a little festival for their benefit, which consisted of a nice supper, to which both children and parents were invited, and a present was given to each one of the children. The presents were mostly books, gloves, mittens, hoods, comforters; nothing very costly, but articles which would be of real service to them. They all returned to their homes delighted, declaring it was the happiest Christmas they had ever known.

The holiday-week, like all other pleasant things, soon passed; all too soon to Eva and Nora, who, now that Lizzy was with them, were in no haste to go to school again. At the same time Lizzy and Louise commenced their painting lessons spending two hours each day at Mr. Kimble's studio.

The first week in January, as was the custom in Dr. B——'s church, was observed as a week of prayer. There had been, of late, an unwonted religious interest in the church, particularly among the young people. The services throughout the week were very solemn, and largely attended by all classes. So great was the interest apparent at the close of the week of prayer that it was thought best to continue the services for another week, or perhaps longer.

During the following week there was preaching in the chapel every evening, and afternoon prayer and conference meetings in the lecture-room of the church. From day to day the interest continued to increase. Some were anxiously inquiring the way; others had already found the Saviour, and were rejoicing in him as a sin-pardoning God; and others still were serious.

The meeting had been in progress some two weeks, when, one evening, as Edna, Louise, and Lizzy were preparing to start for church, Mr. Harrington gave them a pleasant surprise by saying: "Wait a moment, girls, and I will go with you."

"By the way, wife, I had a visit to-day from Dr. B—— in my private office, and he did not come to talk about stocks or merchandise, but something which he considers of vastly more importance. I promised to go and hear him to-night, so I must keep my word."

But little was said during the walk to the church. Mr. Harrington was in his most genial humor, but neither of the girls seemed inclined to talk.

Dr. B——'s sermon that night was solemn and impressive, from the text: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own

soul ? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul ?”

Never before had the faithful pastor been more thoroughly in earnest than on that memorable Thursday evening. The audience was large, and listened with almost breathless attention. Never had this question come home to the hearts and consciences of the hearers with such deep significance. The uncertainty of life, the vanity of worldly ambition, the priceless value of the immortal soul with its undying interests, eternity as compared with the fleeting things of time and sense, were the high and lofty themes upon which he dwelt.

After the prayer, the closing hymn, and the benediction, the congregation passed out in perfect silence. The solemn words uttered by God's ambassador seemed to be still ringing in their ears, and a sacred awe resting upon all.

Scarcely a word was spoken by either Mr. Harrington or the young ladies, during their walk from the church to their home. After they had entered the house, and were once more seated beside the bright coal fire, Mr. Harrington said: "Well, wife, Dr. B—— gave us a most remarkable sermon to-night, and though I cannot agree with him in all respects, I like his earnestness and sincerity. I really think the man believes what he preaches. Does he often give you such sermons, Edna? You and Louise hear him more frequently than any other members of the family."

"His sermons are always good, father, but it has seemed to me that for the last few weeks he has shown more earnestness, and has endeavored to aim more directly at the hearts and consciences of his hearers than ever before."

But little was said after that. Mr. Harrington did not offer to open his evening paper, but sat in a thoughtful mood, looking intently into the fire, apparently revolving some weighty subject in his mind. The young ladies not wishing to disturb him, quietly said good-night, and retired to their own rooms.

The next day, Edward, who had been in the city of New York for the last two weeks, returned, accompanied by his friend Richard Marvin. He had come to the city on business, designing to go back the next day; but Edward accidentally met him on the street and persuaded him to come down to Philadelphia and remain over the Sabbath. It was a pleasant surprise to all, for Richard during his previous visit had made himself a great favorite with the Harrington family.

He was now settled in Boston, his na-

tive city, and engaged in the practice of law.

"How much he has changed since we last saw him—he seems so much more cheerful; that sad anxious look seems entirely to have left him," Louise said to Edna, when for a few moments they were alone together, the night after his arrival.

"Yes, I think so; and I think I understand the secret of it all."

"What is it, sister?"

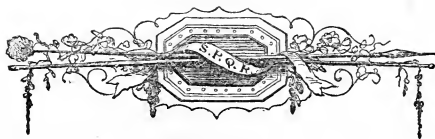
"His mind, which when he was here last spring was in a perfect chaos of doubt and uncertainty in regard to the truths of revelation, is now at peace. He now openly professes to be a Christian, and has recently united with the same church of which his mother was a member at the time of her death."

"Oh, I am so glad. Did he tell you about it himself, Edna?"

“No; he told mother yesterday afternoon, while we were out distributing tracts. I am very glad he happened to come just now, while the revival is in progress; for I think it is the same doubts and difficulties which troubled Mr. Marvin so long, that keep father from being a Christian, and if any one can help him, it is Richard; father is so fond of him, and has such a high respect for his character.”

“I wonder if he has spoken to father yet, in regard to the change in his religious views?”

“No, I do n't think he has had an opportunity, but presume he will before he leaves for home.”



XIV.

THE SABBATH SERVICES—RICHARD MARVIN.

IN the following Sabbath, the first time for years, Mr. Harrington and every member of his family, accompanied by Lizzy and Richard Marvin, were at church, and sat in the same pew.

The services on that day were, if possible, more solemn than on the previous Thursday evening. Dr. B—— took for his text the words of Pilate uttered immediately after the chief priests and the tumultuous rabble who were clamoring for the blood of our Saviour, had decided that Barabbas should be released instead

of Christ: "What shall I then do with Jesus which is called Christ?"

Dr. B——'s descriptive powers were of the first order, and when after a brief introduction he went on to describe the all-important trial which led to the condemnation and crucifixion of our Saviour, so vividly was each character portrayed, that one could almost fancy himself standing in the judgment hall, listening to the cruel sentence about to be pronounced upon an innocent man; could see the demoniac look on the face of the high priests, the anxiety of Pilate, who, after he had heard the unjust sentence, said: "Why, what evil hath he done?" And then there were the mockings of the soldiers, the clamor of the multitude, who cried out, "Crucify him, crucify him! for he sought to make himself king in place of Cæsar." Then he described the noble bearing of the prisoner, who,

though deserted by his friends, reviled and persecuted by his enemies, was never through it all heard to utter one word of complaint, but meekly bowing to the unjust sentence, said: "For this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth."

After he had finished his description of the trial and condemnation, looking affectionately upon his congregation, he said: "But, my dear friends, Pilate is not the only one to whom the question comes, 'What shall I do with Jesus which is called Christ?' On that memorable day, the governors of Judea had to meet the question; and to-day, with equal significance it comes to each of you, 'What shall I do with Christ?'"

"You may look upon it all as a merely historic transaction, but it is more than that—it is a personal question, and one which sooner or later every soul within

the sound of my voice will have to decide for himself. You may put it off from one year to another—till old age comes on. You may seek to forget it in pleasure—you may exhaust your energies with labor—you may seek to fill up every leisure hour with some self-imposed task—yet at times there will come a silent pause, when the Holy Spirit, true to its office work, will still come to you with the oft-repeated question, What will ye do with Christ?"

Again, as on a previous occasion, the congregation passed out in hushed silence, awed by the words of the preacher, and not a few, we trust, fully resolved to delay the matter no longer, but to attend at once to their personal salvation.

The Harrington family passed quietly out with the rest, and it was not until they were all seated at the dinner-table, that any allusion was made to the ser-

mon. Edward was the first to speak of it. "Upon my word, Edna," he said, "if that is the kind of preaching your minister gives you, I don't think I shall venture inside the church again very soon. Why he fairly frightened me. Hasn't he a way, though, of bringing the truth right home to one, and making him look at it whether he wants to or not? Why it seemed to me to-day, that he was determined to make me both judge and jury, and that I must decide the question then. You don't get me cornered in that kind of a way again very soon."

"But it wont alter the case, Edward, whether you attend church or not. You know your duty; and whether you heed the solemn warning to which you have listened to-day or not, your responsibility will be the same."

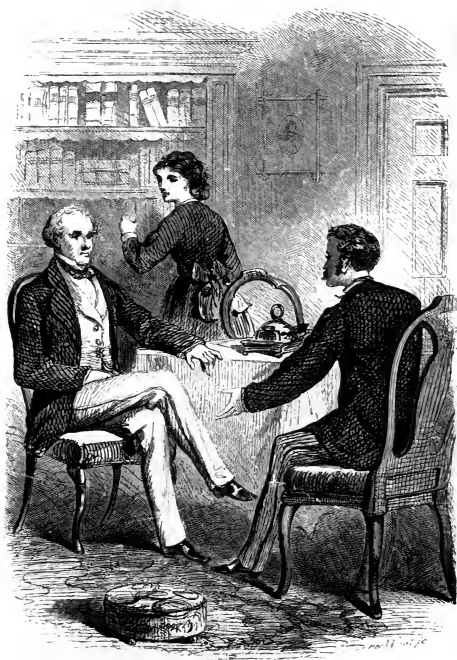
"That is so, Richard. You are right,

as you always are ; we cannot run away from ourselves. If we could get rid of this personal responsibility, and feel that we had nothing to do but enjoy ourselves and have a good time in this world, without any regard to the future life, one might have some peace."

An hour later, when Edna went to the library, she found Richard Marvin and her father there, engaged in earnest conversation. After she had procured the book for which she came, and was about to leave the room, her father gently detaining her, said : "Do not go yet, daughter ; my young friend is trying to help me with some of my doubts in regard to revelation ; wont you stay and hear what he has to say ?"

"Thank you, I should like to very much, but I have promised to read to mother ;" and Edna withdrew.

"No, my dear sir," said Richard, "I





was simply giving my experience. I am free to acknowledge there are many mysteries in the Bible which I cannot explain, many things which are perfectly inexplicable; but I believe I can comprehend enough to understand my duty to God and my fellow-man. But where did I leave off when your daughter came? Oh, I was speaking of my residence in Europe.

“As I have before told you, I have never, from the time of my mother's death, which occurred when I was about ten years of age, down to the present time, known what it was to have a home—never received any particular religious instruction, except the little the young men receive at college. My father, as you know, allowed me to come and go and do as I pleased. But until I went to Europe I used occasionally to attend church; and owing to the early teach-

ings of my sainted mother, had a good deal of reverence for sacred things. But at Heidelberg few think of attending church; Sunday is a holiday to most of the students, and to my shame I confess it, I gradually fell in with the ways of my associates and gave it up too. My conscience often reproached me for the life I was leading, for I could not quite forget the early teachings of my mother.

“And I had my hours of loneliness too. There were times when my books, the conversation of my friends, the noble works of art with which Germany abounds, were all a weariness to me.

“I think my feelings at that time cannot better be described than by what some one calls, a home-sickness for God. He who made man and breathed into his nostrils a breath of his own divine nature, never intended that he should be satisfied with anything short of Himself.

“Hardly knowing what to do with myself at such times, and not knowing what it was my soul craved, I sometimes found my way to the Protestant church. But I always came away dissatisfied—it did not seem to meet my wants at all. Liberal Christianity, as taught in most of the university towns, is a sort of mystic theology, altogether too refined and idealistic to meet the common wants of mankind.

“I think it must have been my New England education which kept me from indulging in many of the low vices practised at the university. For all kinds of gaming and beer-drinking I had a settled aversion; and being of a quiet, peaceable disposition, I never had any encounters with the students—never fought a duel nor received a challenge during my stay at Heidelberg. I would that in other respects I could have returned to my native land as unscathed.

I have all my life been a great reader. For German metaphysics I had a perfect passion, and read everything that came in my way ; and as a result of that kind of reading, my mind became perfectly unsettled as regards the truths of our common Christianity.

“The German universities have many advantages over our colleges at home, but were I a parent, I should be reluctant to expose a son of mine to the influences which there prevail. The loss, on the whole, is greater than the gain.

“It was in this state of mind that I came home. Soon after my return, business brought me to Philadelphia and there I made the acquaintance of your family. It will be hard to make you understand the influence your wife and daughters had upon me. I had, within the last few years, lived entirely in boarding-houses and hotels and among my books, had seen

but little of female society, and from habit had learned to do without it; and it was not until I was introduced in your home that I fully realized how much I had lost.

“And there was something too, in your wife’s consistent piety, which always reminded me of my own mother, and carried me back to my childhood’s home. And your daughters, there was that about them which puzzled me. Educated, accomplished young ladies, the ornament of the circle in which they moved, gratefully enjoying the good things of this life, yet ready to make any sacrifice and deny themselves any pleasure for the good of others. In the world, and yet not of it, they seemed to live and move in a higher, purer atmosphere. And this awoke an intense desire in my inmost nature, to be a nobler, better man.

“Then it was, I took from its secret

hiding-place my long-neglected Bible, resolved to read it carefully and impartially, and see if I could discover the secret of this beautiful inner life.

“I began at the beginning and was astonished to see how interested I soon became, for having never read the Old Testament, it came to me with the novelty of an entirely new book. The farther I read the more interested I became. It is a wonderful book, I found myself saying again and again ; no man, not divinely inspired, could ever have written it.

“It is said of Sir Walter Scott, that just before his death, he sent for his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart, to come and read to him, and that when he asked him what he should read, the great novelist looked at him in surprise and said, ‘There is but one book, and that is the Bible.’

“I set out with the determination to

read it all through by course, but when I came to Isaiah, and read those grand and beautiful descriptions of the coming of the Messiah, I at once turned to the New Testament and read the history of our Saviour. My reading of the Old Testament first had been a good preparation for the New, and though I do not think I was then a Christian, I felt that I was sincere in my search after truth, and I felt too, that some invisible hand was leading me by a way which I knew not.

“Long ere this I had commenced a life of prayer, fully resolved to live up to the light I already had ; but it was not until I had thrice read the history of our Saviour as recorded by Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and had come to those comforting words found in the first chapter of John’s gospel, ‘Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world,’ that I was enabled to come to the cross of

Christ, and disclaiming all merits of my own, yield myself up, a poor helpless sinner, to be saved by the atoning merits of Christ.

“Then, like Christian, in Bunyan’s Pilgrim, I felt my burden roll off, and found rest and peace in believing.”

After he had finished his narration, there was silence in the room for some time, but at length Richard approached his friend and laying his hand on his shoulder, said : “There is not a man living whom I more highly respect than you, and I would gladly help you if I could. Pardon the liberty I take, but I believe you are standing just where I stood a few months ago; almost persuaded to be a Christian, yet afraid to make the venture.”

“You are right, my young friend, and I thank you for the friendly interest you have manifested in my behalf. My

mind has been much exercised within the last few days, and sometimes I have felt that I should be compelled to drop everything and give my whole attention to this one subject. That there is a Supreme Being who rules and governs all things, it seems to me no one in his sober senses can deny. That there is a Providence, who watches over the destinies of mankind, I have never for a moment doubted. But farther than that I do not attempt to go. The truths of revelation, as taught and believed in our orthodox churches, I cannot understand. It may be partly owing to the influences with which I was surrounded in my youth, for I was at one time connected with an infidel club in the city of New York, and a great admirer of Montaigne, Hume, Rousseau, and that class of writers."

"But have you ever examined the other side? Have you ever given the

Bible a careful, prayerful, candid reading?"

"No, I am ashamed to say I have not. But I am not wholly an unbeliever. I do not think the New Testament is all a fable. There must be something in it. How could I think otherwise with Lucy for my wife? You speak of the influence she has had upon you. I tell you, my young friend, her daily life has been for the last twenty-five years a living exemplification of the excellence of the religion she professes."

Just then Nora knocked at the library door. She came in to remind Mr. Marvin that it was time to start for the mission-school. Would he like to go with them?

"Certainly, my dear," he said, taking the little girl by the hand as he passed out.

But before leaving the library, he

turned to Mr. Harrington and said: "My dear friend, I leave for Boston in the morning, and shall not have another opportunity of talking with you; but allow me once more to urge upon you the importance of attending to this subject now. We have no promise of the morrow. 'Behold, now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.'"

After Richard had left, and Mr. Harrington was once more alone, he took down from one of the shelves of the library a large, handsomely-bound Bible, and commenced reading; and when, two hours later, Edna came to call him to tea, she found him so interested that he did not hear her enter. Going softly up to him, and imprinting a kiss upon his forehead, she said reverently: "May God help you to understand it, dear father."

Ah, if he had only yielded to the si-

lent influences of the Spirit, and given his heart to the Saviour then ! But it was not to be. God had to use another method to bring him to repentance. For pride ! pride ! that which drove Lucifer from the courts of heaven, was Paul Harrington's besetting sin. Could he have purchased his soul's salvation by giving half his possessions, crossing some trackless desert, or imperilling his life in some noble cause, how gladly would he have done it. But to cast away all his self-righteousness, to repent and become as a little child, ah, he could not do that ; it was too humiliating.

In the morning Richard left for Boston. Gladly would he have remained with the Harringtons a few days longer, but important duties called him home.

For two weeks longer the meetings continued, and, notwithstanding Ed-

ward's declaration that he should not go again, almost every evening found him in the church, in company with his family, apparently deeply interested. But the meetings at last closed, and, notwithstanding the many devout prayers which went up in their behalf, neither Mr. Harrington nor Edward was then brought to accept Christ as his Saviour.

"And to think our loved ones should be left out after such a precious ingathering of souls as we have just enjoyed," Mrs. Harrington said, as she and her daughter were speaking of the results of the recent revival.

"It is only putting our faith to a longer trial," was Edna's hopeful reply. "I believe my father and brother will yet be brought into the fold, and you, my sweet mother, will live to see it."



XV.

EDWARD GOES TO NEW YORK — LIZZY
RETURNS HOME.

IMMEDIATELY after the close of the meetings, Edward went to New York to commence the practice of his profession.

He went in as partner with an old friend of his father, a man of high moral worth, who had already acquired considerable distinction at the bar. The arrangement was highly satisfactory to his father, and Mrs. Harrington, though she would have preferred his remaining

in Philadelphia, was thankful that he was to go no farther from home.

"The distance is nothing, mother," Edna said, as she stood bending over a large travelling trunk, in which she was carefully packing everything she thought her brother could possibly need after he reached his new home; "only a ride of a few hours. He can come home every week if he likes."

"I can't promise to come as often as that; will come whenever I have a homesick feeling. You must bring Lizzy to New York and show her the city before she goes back to the farm."

Edward's departure produced quite a void in the Harrington mansion. Since his return from the West he had been more at home in the evening, had been more attentive to his sisters, more devoted to his mother, and was really in many respects very much improved.

The effects of the revival did not pass off at once, but were more or less felt all through the winter and spring; and there was less gayety in the circles in which the Harringtons moved than there had been for years before.

Very pleasantly, and all too soon, passed the three months, the time allotted for Lizzy Bradford's visit. She had made good progress in painting, and completed several very respectable looking pictures, which, now that they were handsomely framed, would be quite an ornament to the quaint, old-fashioned parlor, or best room, as the old couple called it, at the farmhouse.

Another trunk to pack! Lizzy is to leave on the morning train, and, of course, Edna must superintend the packing. No one else in the house can fold dresses so neatly, no one knows so well how to stow away in every crevice or

vacant corner the numberless little articles which go to make up a woman's wardrobe.

But, at last, it is filled to its utmost capacity, for, aside from Lizzy's own wardrobe, which has received many additions since she came to the city, every member of the family has sent a present to uncle Nathan and aunt Dorothy.

When all was completed, and the trunk locked, the young girls, throwing their arms around each other's waist, seat themselves upon it for one more confidential talk before the final farewell is spoken.

"I have enjoyed myself very much since I came to the city. You have all been so kind, I can find no words to express my thanks."

"And we have enjoyed having you with us just as much; and were it not that the old couple are so urgent about

your coming home, we would not give you up for three months more."

"I have been much happier than I expected to be ; and I owe it all to you, too, dear Edna."

"Not to me, dear, but to yourself and the help which your heavenly Father has given you."

"But it was you who first roused me from the morbid state into which I had fallen, and taught me that in trying to alleviate the sorrows of others I could learn to forget my own. You said, too, that we had no nuns in our Protestant churches, but that every daughter of the church ought to be a sister of charity to the poor and afflicted in her own community ; and that, instead of going through life with a sorrowful face, because our heavenly Father had seen fit to deny us some fancied good, we ought to try to make the world better and

more cheerful for having lived in it. I have been trying ever since to follow your advice; and though it went very hard at first, I kept working and praying, and now the sore spot is healed. I don't suffer any more, for Christ has given me the victory," she said reverently.

"You are a dear, brave, good girl, and, as I said before, your heavenly Father will make it all up to you a thousand times in some other way."

For a time after Edward went into business with Mr. Meredith everything went well. He was studious and attentive, liked his partner, came home frequently, and seemed the same affectionate brother that he had been in the early part of the winter; but during the two or three following months there had been a very perceptible change. He came home but seldom, and when he

was at home, seemed unhappy. He looked badly ; his cheeks were colorless ; great circles were round his eyes, and Edna was almost sure he was again under the influence of his old enemy.

He tried to keep it from his mother and sisters, but the eye of affection is ever quick to note the slightest departure from the path of duty. Again, as on a former occasion, Edna pleaded and importuned with him to give up the winecup, to break away from his wicked companions, who were leading him on to ruin and disgrace. But it was of no avail. The spell which was upon him held him in chains, and a sister's prayers and entreaties were not strong enough to break it.

The days continued to drag wearily on with the anxious mother, and each day she grew paler and thinner, while the father grew so stern and silent that

the two little girls were almost afraid of him.

But they always had one refuge in Edna, who, from the day of their birth, had been a sort of second mother to them. With her they always found sympathy ; she was never so much engaged but that she could attend to them.

One day at the dinner-hour, Mr. Harrington came home looking more anxious and troubled than usual. Edna asked no questions, but she was convinced that some new trouble was in store for them, and that her wayward, thoughtless brother was the cause of it. It all came out before Mr. Harrington went back to the store. He had just received a letter from Mr. Meredith, saying that he had the day before been called out of the city on business ; that he had left Edward in charge, and that when he returned, he found the office locked and on the table a note in-

forming him that he had concluded to take a trip West with some friends of his, that he should be absent several weeks. He also asked him, if he had occasion to write his father, or he made any inquiries about him, to tell him not to worry, he would take good care of himself and come home all right ere long."

The same day a draft for five hundred dollars, which his son had drawn on a New York bank the day he left, was sent to Mr. Harrington for payment.

His mother, almost beside herself, said : "Husband, you must go for him at once. I shall not have a moment's peace, till I hear from him."

"It would be the height of folly for me to start after him ; where should I go to look for him ? He has got the start of me by twenty-four hours or more. You must remember, dear wife, he is no longer a child, but a man nearly twenty-four

years of age. He is certainly old enough to take care of himself. He did not go without funds. I shall hear from him, no fear, when he needs more money. The thoughtless, heedless boy, to treat Mr. Meredith in such a way after all his kindness to him, and then to leave without one word of good-by to his mother and sisters, or so much as telling us where he was going."

"Can nothing be done, then, husband?"

"Yes. To gratify you, I will both write and telegraph to the principal cities West, and see if it is possible to ascertain where he is. But I hardly think it will be of any use."

For the next two weeks Mrs. Harrington lay in a sort of low fever, scarcely able to rise from her bed. It was now July, and the weather very warm. The physician had again recommended coun-

try air for the invalid, but she was too feeble to undertake even a short journey, besides, she was unwilling to leave the city till she had some tidings of her son.





XVI.

NEWS FROM EDWARD--THE BLOW FALLS.

ONE afternoon, some two weeks after Edward left for the West, Mrs. Harrington was feeling so much better, that Edna had helped her out into the sitting-room to her easy chair, and now sat by her side reading aloud. Louise too sat by the window sewing.

The two little girls had gone to a picnic, so that the house was unusually quiet, but they were all three suddenly startled by hearing a heavy footstep in the hall, which they knew was Mr. Harrington's. A moment more and he had en-

mine bring disgrace upon my father's honored name! And to think too, if he is fortunate enough to escape with his neck, of a youth reared as he has been, being incarcerated for years, perhaps, in prison."

He was interrupted in his walk up and down the room, by a deep groan and a fall. In a moment he was at his wife's side, and taking her in his arms as if she had been an infant, he bore her to her bed.

"What a brute I am," he said. "I ought to have broken the news to her more gently; but I was so excited I was not myself. Poor Lucy, poor crushed flower. I fear this last blow will be too much for her."

In a few moments he said, "Call aunt Mary now. She is coming to herself, and I will go for the doctor."

There was no need to go for her, for

this long-trying, faithful servant was already in the room. She knew Mr. Harrington's voice and step as well as his own wife, knew something unusual was going on, and had taken the liberty to come to her mistress' room without being summoned.

"Oh, what has happened to my poor boy? Is Edward dead? And it won't be long we'll keep the mother, for he was the very apple of her eye."

"No, aunt Mary," Edna said, "he is not dead, but has got into serious trouble out West. But please don't ask questions, and if possible keep the cause of mother's sudden illness from the servants."

Mr. Harrington was absent but a short time, when he returned with the physician. Their coming in, for the time roused the poor mother; and looking wildly around from one to the other, she said:

“What is it, husband? I have had such a terrible dream; something has happened to my boy. And there was a letter; something about his being sick. But I did not hear it all; tell me about it, husband.”

“God help you, my poor wife,” was all the agonized husband and father could find words to say.

“But you don’t tell me. Edna, child, wont you tell me what has happened to my boy?”

“You must answer her question,” the doctor said, speaking very low; “you see she wont be put off.”

“Yes, dear mother. Edward is lying sick in Chicago; not dangerously ill, we hope he is better by this time.”

“Then your father must go to him at once. Get his travelling bag ready for him. And you must go with him; you always know just what to do.

“Yes,” the kind-hearted physician said, “they are going in the morning. It is too late to start to-night ; all the express trains West have gone. Now just take a few drops of this soothing medicine and try to get to sleep, for you want to be up in the morning to see them off.”

In a few moments the medicine took effect, and she sank into a troubled sleep, but it did not last over fifteen minutes, when she was again awake, grieving about her boy, and entreating her husband to go to him. She was sure he would die in that lonely prison. And in that condition she continued through the greater part of the night.

About ten o'clock that night Dr. Williams drew Mr. Harrington aside, and said : “I must leave your wife a short time now, and look in upon another patient who is in a precarious situation.”

“But, doctor, can't you quiet her?”

"I am doing everything I can. I have administered as powerful an opiate as her constitution will bear. And," he said, taking Mr. Harrington by the hand, "there is no use in trying to disguise the truth from you—your wife is in a very critical condition, and unless there is a change soon, you must prepare yourself for the worst. This last shock to her nervous system, I fear will be too much for her."

"O doctor, do not tell me my wife must die. I cannot give her up; you must save her. How can I bear it? My boy ruined and disgraced for life, and my poor wife taken from me at the very time when I need her sympathy most. Oh, my friend, for such you have ever been to me, the thunderbolt has indeed fallen; where shall I fly for refuge?"

"I know of but one place of refuge in such an hour as this; do not look to

man for help, but go to your heavenly Father. He has styled himself an ever-present help in time of trouble."

"Yes, to you who are Christians, but not to one who has all his life lived as if there was no God, and for the ten thousand blessings he has received, never once bent his knee in acknowledgment to the Giver."

"But God is merciful, long-suffering, slow to anger, not desiring the death of any, but rather that they should turn and live. Believe me, my friend, when I say, God does not willingly afflict his children; if he sends sorrow and affliction, it is for their good. He has tried for years to win you by love, but you would not be won, and as a last resort to win you to himself, he has laid his chastening hand upon you."

When Dr. Williams returned, after an absence of half an hour, the effects of

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When Dr. Williams returned, after an absence of half an hour, the effects of

the medicine he administered before he left had entirely passed off, and he found his patient in a worse condition than in the early part of the evening. Her two daughters were standing by her bedside, trying to soothe her. Mr. Harrington was walking the floor wringing his hands, almost beside himself with grief. More medicine was at once given to the patient, and again the poor sufferer was for a short time forgetful of all her sorrows.

The kind-hearted physician then took Mr. Harrington by the arm and led him into the next room. "It will never do," he said, "for you to fret so; besides, you distress your poor wife. Her very life depends upon her being kept quiet. Now remain here for the present, and try to compose your mind. I will come for you if any change occurs."

He left him, and returned to his patient, who was still sleeping. For a time

all was quiet in the next room, but presently a suppressed voice was heard, as of some one praying or reading aloud. Every now and then there was a pause and a groan, which was truly heart-rending.

Dr. Williams was much moved. "Go to him, my child," he said to Edna; "I think he is truly penitent; and oh, try to direct him to the Saviour. Louise and I will attend to your mother."

Edna stole in so noiselessly that her father did not hear her enter. He had taken Dr. Williams' advice, was on his knees, and between sobs and groans was trying to call on God for help. That proud spirit which had never before bent a suppliant knee, was indeed humbled to the very dust, clothed as it were in sack-cloth and ashes. But it was terrible to witness his agony. For a moment Edna stood silently regarding him, almost

afraid to advance a step farther; but at last she gently approached him, and laying her hand upon his head, said: "Dear father, I love you very much, but Jesus loves you a thousand times more."

"Loves me! loves such a wretch as I am?"

"Yes, dear father; it was for just such sinners as you and I, Jesus suffered and died on the cross. And oh that I could only make you understand, how his heart yearns over you—how ready and willing he is to accept you just as you are, if you will but give him your heart."

"Kneel down by my side and pray for me, my daughter. I know God hears such as you. I have been trying to pray for myself, but I fear I have made sad work of it."

"God looks at the heart, father; if that is only right, it does not matter what form of words we use."





Edna was accustomed to call upon God daily in the presence of her mother and sisters; and in her labors of love among the poor and destitute, her voice had often been heard in supplication, but never before had she uttered an audible prayer in the presence of her father, and under any other circumstances it would have been a great cross; but in that extreme moment all fear and dread left her. Without a moment's hesitation she dropped on her knees by her father's side, and poured out her soul in fervent supplication in his behalf. Her father, in his imperfect way tried to follow her, and at the close of the petition uttered a hearty Amen.

In relating the events of that night afterwards to her mother, Edna said: "I do not know how it was; but in the midst of it all, notwithstanding my solicitude about you, and my anxiety on my

brother's account, a strange peace, such as I had seldom ever experienced, filled my soul. The Saviour all the time was very near, and I seemed to be lifted out of myself, and I almost fancied I was surrounded by ministering spirits."

But if she was, and who shall say she was not, the errand on which they came was not what the family so much feared. For, instead of waiting to convey the redeemed spirit of this sainted wife and mother from her home below to her Father's house above, they hastened back with the joyful news, that another sinner had been born into the kingdom of Christ—that he, for whom so many prayers had been offered, had at last bowed his proud spirit to the mild sceptre of king Immanuel.

Toward morning, there was a decided change in Mrs. Harrington's condition. She sank into an easy, natural sleep, and

the physician left, charging Edna to keep the house as quiet as possible, and let her sleep as long as she would.

After the physician left, Mr Harrington took his place at his wife's bedside, and persuaded his daughters both to lie down. Louise went to her room; but Edna, more to gratify her father, who insisted upon it, than from any thought of sleeping, threw herself on a lounge in her mother's room, and notwithstanding the exciting scenes through which she had just passed, was soon asleep.

Great was her astonishment when she awoke the next morning, to find she had been asleep for several hours. Her mother was still sweetly sleeping, and by her bedside sat her father, with the open Bible in his hand. She softly approached him, and imprinting a kiss upon his forehead, said: "Dear father, how do you find yourself this morning?"

“Better, much better. I have had a most comfortable time here all to myself this morning. I have been turning over the leaves of the Bible to see if I could find anything to meet my case, and oh, I have found so many precious promises. Just listen to this, daughter. ‘Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.’ I do believe there is mercy for even such as I,” he said, while grateful tears slowly streamed down his cheeks.

After a few moments’ silence he again said : “It is strange, too, how differently I feel toward Edward this morning. Last night my feelings toward him were so bitter, that I felt almost like disowning him; but were I with him this morning I would go on my knees, and ask him to forgive me for not having set a better example before him.”

“ I am so thankful you have found the way at last, dear father. Now just go on and follow the light you have, and ere long you will experience a peace and blessedness such as you have never known before.

“ And now let us talk about Edward’s affairs. Have you answered his letter?”

“ No ; I am going to the office as soon I think it is open. I cannot leave your mother while she is in this critical condition, but I will telegraph to the proper authorities to use my name to any amount they choose, and direct them to have him removed at once to a respectable place, and to make his condition as comfortable as possible till I can come to him.”

“ But can he be removed from jail while he is under arrest ?”

“ Yes, if he gives the amount of bail the law requires.”

“Then it is not murder, father?”

“No, it could not be called that under any circumstances. I was so excited last night I did not know what I was saying when I said he had been arrested for murder. If Edward was drawn into a quarrel with a man, and killed him, they may possibly make it out a case of manslaughter; but I cannot think he did.”

“I have felt all the time that it could not be possible my brother was a murderer. He is wayward, thoughtless, easily led astray, but he has a kind heart, and would not wilfully harm even his worst enemy, if he has one, when he is himself.”

“Well, whatever it is, daughter, we will try to bear it as bravely as we can. I feel much stronger this morning. I feel as if some invisible power was helping me.”

“There is, father. God is helping you.”

Mrs. Harrington did not wake until near noon. The physician came in several times, and said she was doing well, and that when she came out of her long sleep she would be herself again. And so she was. But it was not until the next day that Edward's name was mentioned in her presence. Then, when her husband left her for a short time to write a letter, she said to Edna: “Now, daughter, tell me all about Edward's troubles. I have a confused remembrance of having heard bad news from him, but I have no idea what it was. But I think I am strong enough now to bear it, whatever it is.”

Then Edna, in as gentle a manner as possible, explained to her the nature of the distressing tidings they had received from him.

“The dear boy! When we hear all the particulars, we shall find he is not altogether to blame. But why does not your father go to him at once?”

“You have been very ill. He could not leave you at such a time even to go to Edward.”

“I had such a sweet dream last night. It don’t seem quite like a dream either, and yet it must have been. I thought your father, looking somewhat older, but with a calm and peaceful look, such as I had never seen him wear before, was kneeling by my bedside, praying for Edward; and then he prayed, oh, so fervently, for me; that God would raise me up from my sick bed, and spare me to him a little longer.”

“It was no dream, my precious mother, but a reality. God is at this time strangely mingling mercies with afflictions. Your prayers are at last an-

swered. Dear father seems very humble and penitent, and has, I trust, given his heart to the Saviour. But he will tell you all about it himself when you are stronger."

"He need not wait for that. I am strong enough now to hear such good news as this. Indeed, were I standing on the very portals of the other world, so near that I had already caught the song of the angels around the throne, I would turn back to hear such blessed news.

"Paul a Christian! my Paul, for whom I have so long prayed! O my Father, I thank thee that I have lived to see this day!"





XVII.

MR. HARRINGTON GOES TO HIS SON.

IT was not until the evening of the third day after receiving the letter from Edward that Mr. Harrington could be persuaded to leave his wife and start for the West. She tried to persuade him to let his eldest daughter accompany him. But this he would not consent to do. Dr. Williams, too, was strongly opposed to Edna's leaving her mother at that critical time.

"She is out of present danger," the kind physician said, "but we know

not what sorrows are in store for her. I am certain she could never live through another such a shock to her nervous system; and under any circumstances her daughter had better remain with her."

Dr. Williams had not only been the family physician for years, but he was a tried and trusted friend of the Harringtons, and they had freely confided to him all their troubles. In their own family not one of the servants except aunt Mary knew the occasion of Mrs. Harrington's sudden illness, and she had the honor of the family too much at heart to mention it.

Not a word of their brother's trouble and disgrace had been lisped to the little girls. They had been told that he was lying sick in Chicago, and their father was going to him, and that satisfied them.

It took nearly three days for Mr. Harrington to make the trip from Philadelphia to Chicago; so that nearly a week had elapsed from the time he had received his son's letter before he reached that city. And in all this time Edward had not once heard from him, though he had both written and telegraphed.

As soon as he reached Chicago, he went at once to the city prison to make the necessary inquiries in regard to his son. Great was his surprise when informed by the officer in charge that, three days before, though he was hardly able to sit up, he had been taken by a friend of his from the prison before the judge, had had his examination, and that this friend of his had given bail to a large amount, and that they were now both occupying rooms at the hotel.

So anxious was Mr. Harrington to see his son that he did not stop to inquire

the name of his friend, but at once hastened to his hotel.

When he knocked at the door of the room pointed out to him as Edward's, it was at once opened by Richard Marvin.

"You here?" he said, as he eagerly grasped his hand. "Is it to you I am again under obligations for kindness to my son? Thank God, I had rather owe it to you than any one else. But how is the boy? Let me go to him at once."

"Doing well, both in body and mind. But you must wait till I tell him you are here. He is longing to see you, and yet dreads the first meeting. But I know from your looks he has nothing to fear. Excuse me a moment," he said, leaving the room.

He was absent but a very short time, and then, taking the anxious father by the arm, he led him to the bedside of his son.

The trying scenes through which Edward had just passed, his anxiety and distress of mind, together with his wounds, had produced a great change since his father last saw him.

Mr. Harrington was completely overcome, and wept like a child. "O my son! my son!" was all he could find words to say, as he bent tenderly over him.

Edward was, if possible, more affected than his father; but at last he said: "Father, dear father, can you forgive me the sorrow and disgrace I have brought on myself—on you all? Richard encourages me to believe my heavenly Father will forgive me; but can you?"

"Can you forgive me, my son?"

"I have nothing to forgive. From my earliest remembrance you have been the kindest, most indulgent parent that ever a son had."

“But I have come very far short of my duty, for all that. I, too, have been praying God to forgive me, and I believe he has heard my prayer; and now we will both commence life anew, and try hereafter to be better men, and more of a help to each other.”

Edward looked at him in surprise. Such words from his father! the proud, stern, self-reliant man, who had scarcely ever been known to confess a fault, or acknowledge a weakness, now so completely humbled, and instead of meeting him with anger and the reproach he so justly deserved, taking part of the blame on himself.

After a time both father and son became calmer, and then Mr. Harrington's first inquiry was, how Richard came to be in Chicago just at this particular time. “I never dreamed of meeting you here,” he said; “I thought you were either hard

at work in your office at Boston, or else off to some summer resort,"

Edward did not wait for his friend to reply, but said: "Why, father, he happened to see in the paper an account of the disgraceful affair I had got into, the next morning after it occurred, and he just dropped everything, took the next train, and came on here to help me out of my trouble; just like the dear, good fatherly old fellow that he has always been to me. I guess there was never a more thankful man than I was, when he came and offered to help me."

"But how did it happen, my son? How came you to get into such trouble?"

Richard looked anxious, and said to his young friend, "Had you not better wait till to-morrow before you go into all the particulars?"

"No, I shall rest better after I have made a clean breast of it."

“ Well, I must go back to the day I left the city ; not so very long either, for it is only about a month, though it seems three times as long, so many things have happened since I left New York. Now, I can assure you, father, upon my word of honor, the morning Mr. Meredith left me to go into the country, I had no more thoughts of leaving him as I did, than I have of going to Europe to-morrow morning. An important lawsuit, in which my partner and myself were both greatly interested, was to be brought on the following week, and Mr. Meredith had requested me to spend the day in looking over the evidence and getting the papers ready for the approaching trial.

“ I was hard at work, and just getting fully into the merits of the case, when I was interrupted by a call from a couple of young men, whose acquaintance I made in San Francisco last year. I was at

first much annoyed at the interruption, for I had planned a good day's work. But I could not do less than treat them civilly, so my papers had to be laid aside, and in talking over the events of the previous summer, our trip to the mines and the pleasant little incidents connected with it, the approaching trial and everything connected with it were forgotten.

“They professed to be from the South ; from Georgia, I think, and had come North to spend the summer. They were going from New York to Niagara. Designed spending a few days there, and then were going to take a trip up the lakes. They urged me to accompany them, but I mentioned the approaching trial, and told them it would be impossible for me to leave until that was over.

“I could not do less than invite them to take dinner with me, and I do n't know whether it was the wine I drank at din-

ner, which affected my head, or what it was, but before night, they had gained such an influence over me, that they had fully persuaded me to throw up everything and to leave the city with them without waiting for my partner's return.

“By the time we reached Buffalo I was thoroughly sobered, and had more than half a mind to turn around and come back, and would have done so but for fear of the ridicule of my friends.

“We spent a few days at Niagara, and then made the tour of the great lakes, up to the head of Lake Superior and down Lake Michigan to this place. It is a pleasant trip to make, and some of the scenery is perfectly grand. Under any other circumstances I should have enjoyed it very much. But I could not drive from my mind the constant thought that I had not only treated Mr. Meredith very unhand-
somerly, but had wronged my own family,

in coming away as I did, without a word or even letting them know where I was going.

“Long before I reached Chicago, I began better to understand the character of my travelling companions, and felt determined to leave them and return to New York as soon as we reached this place. I was greatly disappointed in those two young men, for I had taken them to be high-souled, honorable gentlemen; but instead of that, I think they are regular adventurers, and their only object in urging me to accompany them, was to have me foot the bills.

“I had only reached Chicago the night before the encounter took place, but I had made all my arrangements to leave in the morning. When I informed my two companions of my intention, they expressed many regrets, and said they intended to prolong their summer jaunt by taking a

trip up to St. Paul, and then return to their southern home by the way of the river, and that they had expected to have me for a travelling companion for a couple of weeks yet. 'But,' they said, 'if you are to leave us so soon, we must make the most of the few hours that are left us.'

"Wilkins, the older of the two, proposed that we should go to the theatre. I felt weary, out of love of myself and every one else, and did not care where I went: anything, I thought, to pass away the hours which must elapse, before I could take the cars for the East.

"We all three went to the theatre. The play that night was an old one, which I had seen and heard a score or more of times before; and besides, it was not well rendered, and we all three found it unusually dull, and before the close of the third act, left the house. We came out

without any definite plan for spending the rest of the evening. We had walked down the street but a short distance, before our attention was attracted to a large, showy building, brilliantly lighted, and over the door in large letters, the words 'Billiards, Ice Cream, Lemonade.'

" 'Let us go in and see what we can find?' Stanley, the youngest of my two companions, exclaimed.

" Scarcely knowing or caring what I did, I followed my companions as desired ; but I had been in the house but a short time, when I discovered that the advertisement outside was but a ruse to draw in the uninitiated ; that it was a regular gambling den, where were provided not only billiards, but dice, cards, and all sorts of implements for gambling, and where liquors of all kinds were furnished to order.

" My two companions, seeing how

much out of spirits I was, made a great effort to entertain me; insisted upon treating me to cream, wine, and the best of everything the house afforded, and finally persuaded me to sit down to a game of cards. I will not weary you with relating what passed the next two hours—enough that my two companions succeeded in winning from me almost my last cent before I rose from the table.

“I left them in no very enviable mood, fully resolved never to enter another gaming-room, or touch another card. It was late, somewhere about midnight, and in order to reach my hotel sooner, I struck off in a sort of by-street, which was scarcely lighted at all. Absorbed in my own thoughts, I took no notice of any one. I think I must have run against the man I had the encounter with, but the first knowledge I had of his presence was the blow he gave me in the breast, which

nearly stunned me. I have no idea what his object in striking me was ; whether he intended to rob me, or whether being half drunk my running against him gave him offence, and he took that way to resent it. I think now, had I been fully myself, I should never have laid my hands on him, but should have called the police at once. But as it was, I returned the blow and then a regular fight ensued. He was a strong, powerful man, and had he not been in liquor, I should have had more than my match. As it was, some minutes passed before I succeeded in getting the better of him. At last I got his hands off my throat and threw him down ; but in falling he hit his head against the sharp edge of a curb-stone, and then it was he gave that terrible shriek of 'murder !' which brought half a dozen policemen to the spot ; and all I remember was, that I was arrested at

once and taken to the police quarters and lodged in a cell ; and that for three days I scarcely ate, drank, or slept.

“ Oh, the horror and agony of those two terrible nights ! It seems to me now I lived a lifetime of misery in that brief period.”

“ My poor boy ! This journey West has been a most disastrous one indeed. But I am thankful matters are no worse than they are, and trust you will be a wiser and better man for all you have passed through. One word more, my son, and then you must rest awhile before we have any more conversation. What about the poor man you had the difficulty with ? Is he still alive ? ”

“ Yes, and the physician thinks he will recover.”

“ Thank God for that,” Mr. Harrington said, and he drew a long breath, as if a great burden had been taken off his mind.

"Yes, I hope he will recover, not only on my account, but for the sake of his family. He is a common day-laborer, and has a large family dependent on his exertions. If he dies, it may go hard with me, though God knows I am perfectly innocent of his blood, and that what I did I did in self-defence."

Just then Richard came in, and his first exclamation was: "I fear I have left you two alone too long. My patient is not very strong, and it will not do to let him exert himself too much at once."

Edward was really a good deal fatigued, and, after he had taken the medicine which Richard administered, with his hand clasped in his father's he soon sank into an easy sleep.

For a long time his father sat by his side silently watching him as he slept; and as he did so, one tear after another slowly streamed down his cheeks, while

he said softly to himself: "Ah, if I had only understood him better. If I had only gone to my heavenly Father, and asked for wisdom to guide his wayward, impulsive, but affectionate nature, all this sorrow might have been spared him."

That night Mr. Harrington wrote a long letter to Edna, giving all the particulars of Edward's trouble, as just narrated; and this time the letter did not miscarry, but reached its destination in due time.

"My poor boy! I knew he was not hopelessly bad. It was just his easy disposition which led him astray," Mrs. Harrington said, after Edna had finished reading the letter.

"But how strangely things are happening, daughter."

"Yes, mother, God's ways are not our ways. This trouble of Edward's is

a great sorrow to us all, but you see how God is overruling it for his good. I have somehow felt all the time that this was to be the turning-point in his life ; but, better still, God is using it as a means of bringing him to Himself."

The day following Mr. Harrington's arrival was the Sabbath. Richard attended church morning and evening, thus leaving the father and son entirely to themselves for several hours. It had been a pleasant day to them both. Never before since Edward reached man's estate had there been so perfect an understanding between them. Mr. Harrington, now clothed and in his right mind, sitting humbly at the feet of Jesus and learning of Him, is once more the devoted, affectionate father of his childhood days. That antagonism of feeling and pursuit which has so long kept them apart is all laid aside, for

now there is one common bond of sympathy between them.

There was a pause in the conversation. For some time neither of them had spoken. At last Edward said: "Father, do you remember that remarkable sermon Dr. B—— preached, last winter, from the words: 'What shall I then do with Jesus, which is called Christ?'"

"Distinctly, my son. The words of the preacher rang in my ear for months afterwards."

"So they did in mine. And there was my sister's prayer; for do you know, as I was passing Edna's room the night after we had listened to that well-remembered sermon, the door being slightly ajar, I heard my own name mentioned, and stopped to listen, at the same time looking in to see what she was doing. And there was my sister on

her knees, with the open Bible spread out before her, and the tears on her cheeks, interceding for us. One clause of her prayer I shall never forget: 'O Father, leave them not to themselves. Take not thy Holy Spirit from them. If need be, lay thy chastening hand upon them. Do what thou wilt, so that they may be brought to thee.'

"I can tell you, father, that prayer sobered me, if possible, more than the sermon of the morning. I really felt that I ought to attend to my soul's salvation at once; but still I put it off, went out into the world, and in business and in the society of my gay companions endeavored to forget both sermon and prayer. But I had plenty of time to think of all these things while I lay in that lonely prison; and if I never called on God in sincerity before, I am sure I did then. Oh, it seems so strange

to me now that I could not be won by love; so strange that my sister's prayer had to be literally fulfilled before I was willing to come to this precious, this adorable Saviour for peace and pardon."

"Ah, my son, we have both been blind to our best interests, both for time and eternity; but, thanks to the great Physician, our eyes have been opened, and now we can say with one of old: 'Whereas I was once blind, now I see.'"





XVIII.

THE TRIAL—RETURN HOME.

FORTUNATELY the next term of court in Chicago was to commence in about two weeks, and Richard had made arrangements to have Edward's case brought on at that time, should the state of the wounded man permit it.

Mr. Harrington thought this would allow an unusually short time to make the necessary preparations; and proposed having it put off until the fall term; but Edward said there was plenty of time, and very little preparation to make; be-

sides, he wanted to have the disagreeable affair off his hands as soon as possible.

Richard was to be his counsel. Mr. Meredith had offered to come on and assist at the trial, for, notwithstanding Edward's unsteady ways, he had become much attached to his kind-hearted, genial young partner, and was anxious to render him any assistance in his power. But it was not thought necessary for him to take the journey.

Mr. Harrington was to remain with his son until all was over; and this gave Richard all his time to look up witnesses, and prepare his defence for the approaching trial. But, unfortunately, he had not been able to find one person who had been an eye-witness of the affair.

It was an unfrequented street, late at night, and the lamps were dim when the

encounter took place. Still he thought it was barely possible some one might have been near by at the time.

He had questioned the policeman who arrested Edward, and carried the wounded man home; but all they knew about it was that they heard the cry of "Murder," went to the rescue, found the largest of the two men lying on the ground, bleeding profusely from the wound he had received on his head, and declaring that he was murdered—that the cursed heretic had killed him. And ever since the sad occurrence, the wound being in his head, his brain had necessarily been so much affected he had scarcely seen a sane moment.

Richard visited him daily, almost hourly, hoping he would have a lucid interval, and be able to make a full statement of the whole affair. The physician had all along assured Edward that he

thought he would recover ; but Richard had had his fears from the first.

One day, some four or five days before the trial was expected to come on, Richard came in looking very much troubled.'

"What is it, my good fellow?" Edward inquired.

"I might as well tell you first as last ; you will have to hear it sooner or later. I just saw poor Donelly's physician, and he tells me he thinks he cannot live twenty-four hours ; but says he is more rational than he has been at any time since he was first called to see him. I shall remain with him through the night, so that if at any time he is perfectly himself I shall be on hand to take his deposition."

"God help you, my son ; if he dies, it may go hard with you," Mr. Harrington said, very much moved.

“He will help me, father. He who knows the secrets of all hearts, knows that I am innocent of that man’s blood.”

“But how are you to convince a judge and jury of your innocence?”

“I do not know, father. I shall go into court and tell my story in as simple and truthful a way as I can; and after hearing it, I do not believe twelve men can be found in this city, who will be unjust enough to bring in a verdict against me, of a wilful desire to injure the unfortunate man. But if the poor fellow is really dying, I should like to shake hands with him, and tell him I forgive him all the annoyance and trouble he has caused me.”

“Hold yourself in readiness to be sent for at any time,” was Richard’s parting salutation as he once more left his friends, and wended his way towards the cottage of the dying man.

After Richard left, Mr. Harrington tried hard to control himself for the sake of his son, who though fast recovering, was far from being strong; but he could not.

Edward watched him for a time and then said: "Get the Bible and read a chapter, please, father, and let us have a season of prayer. I think it will do us both good."

"True, my son; we will look to God for help in this trying time. If man fails us, he will not. We have both of us just learned that by blessed experience."

An hour or more had elapsed, since the father and son had risen from their knees, when Richard Marvin hastily entered.

"Come with me at once," he said. "The poor man is dying, but is perfectly rational, and says he cannot die in peace till he has seen the poor young gentleman, and asked his forgiveness."

A ride of fifteen minutes brought them to the house of the dying Irishman. Quite a number of persons were in the room when our party entered. The physician, the priest, the city magistrate, who had been summoned to administer the oath to the dying man, were in waiting. At the foot of the bed stood his weeping wife and little ones.

The priest then said, addressing himself to the magistrate, "Please administer the oath, and let the poor fellow make his statement at once. The physician says we have no time to waste."

After the oath was taken, the magistrate motioned to Edward to approach the bedside. He then said: "Patrick Donnelly, I wish you to look at this young man, and in the presence of God before whom you are so soon to stand, and these witnesses, say whether you have ever seen him before."

“Indade I have; I should know him anywhere. He is the young man I tried to rob on Linn street, the night I got such a knock on my head. And I am sure he is as honest looking a young gentleman as one would wish to see.”

“Now, Patrick,” the priest said, “you have but a little while to live, and I cannot give you the last sacrament till you make a full confession of all the occurrences of that night.”

“Indade I will. It is not a very long story; I can soon tell it. My cousin Mike had been living in Canada and got mixed up with the Fenians, and had been lying in jail a half a year or more. He got out and came to Chicago; and I was so glad to see him, I thought I must just take a little bit of a holiday, and so I treated Mike, and Mike treated me. But the truth is, when I get a taste of the cratur. I can never let it alone.

Mike only stayed a day, and then went on to Kansas ; but ye see I had got on a spree, and could n't stop. I kept it up for a week, spent all my money, and lost my place.

“ One night I went home sober, but without a cent of money in my pocket. Bridget rated me soundly, told me there was not a bit of bread or meat in the house, turned me out, and told me not to come back till I brought home something to eat.

“ I went back to the city, and tried to get trusted and to borrow something ; but there was not one that would lend me a cent ; and not daring to go home, I hung round till it was very late, hoping something would turn up. At last I got desperate, and resolved that I would get the money somehow, to keep my wife and children from starving. I was standing by the corner near the saloon when

the young gentleman came out; and as he passed under the lamp I noticed he was richly dressed, and had a heavy gold chain and ring; and all at once the thought struck me—I think it must have been Satan that put it into my head—he has got plenty of money; knock him down, and make him shell over. If you only get the money, Bridget will never care where it comes from. I then followed him to Linn street, and after looking about to see that no one was near, I gave him a blow in the breast which nearly took all the life out of him; but before I could fairly get my hand in his pocket, he was all himself again, and though he looked so white and spindling, he was too much for me. But it was all done so quick, I can't tell much about it, only I know when he threw me down I got such a knock on my head that I thought I was dying, and screamed out.

“ And this is the solemn truth, so help me God ; and I hope no harm will come to the poor young man, for I am sure it was all my fault. But I should like to shake hands with him, and hear him say he forgives me before he goes.”

Edward advanced a step or two nearer to the bedside of the dying man, took his hand and said : “ My poor fellow, I pity you ; and may God in whose presence you are so soon to stand, as freely forgive you as I do.”

Richard Marvin had carefully taken down the confession of the dying man, and now after it had been duly signed and attested by the several witnesses present, Mr. Harrington, his son, the magistrate, and Richard took their leave.

At the door they were detained by the poor wife, who came hurriedly from the little room in the rear of the house, and said : “ I want to ask the poor young

gentleman's forgiveness too. And it was all my fault, for scolding him so. I was more to blame than Pat. Poor fellow, there was never a kinder-hearted husband than he was, when he could just let drink alone. But I thank you for coming to see him. He was going on all night, about the poor young gentleman he'd tried to rob, and said he could never die in peace till he had seen you and asked your forgiveness."

"Most freely, my poor woman, I forgive you both," Edward said, as he sympathizingly took her hand, "and were it in my power to restore your husband to health, and give him back to you, most gladly would I do so."

"But you can pray for his 'soul?'"

"Yes, I am doing so all the time."

Mr. Harrington slipped a fifty-dollar bank bill in the poor woman's hand, and without waiting for her thanks, hurried

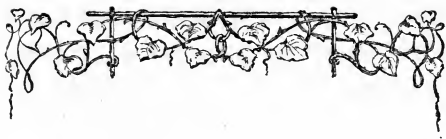
Richard and his son into the carriage, and drove back to their hotel.

But three days elapsed after taking the deposition of the dying man, before the court commenced its session. There was a long array of cases on the docket, some of them very tedious ones; but Richard managed to have his brought on in the early part of the second week of the session. There were twelve very honest looking men sitting in the jury-box, and Edward felt, as he entered the court-room leaning on the arm of his father, and took the seat assigned him, that he should have full justice done him.

We need not detail the successive steps by which the case was in due form disposed of. Manifestly, no indictment would hold, for either murder or manslaughter; the dying man's sworn deposition proved that Edward had only de-

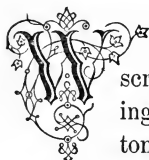
fended himself against a violent assault endangering his life. He was speedily and honorably released from all demands of the law, and amid the congratulations of the court and the spectators, he and his friends withdrew from the room and returned to the hotel.

As there was nothing now longer to detain them in Chicago, that very afternoon. Mr. Harrington, his son, and Richard Marvin, took the cars for Philadelphia. Richard at first thought it would be impossible for him to go on with them, as he had been absent from his business several weeks, but when Edward added his persuasions to his father's, he finally consented to spend a couple of days with them in their own home.



XIX.

SUBSEQUENT EVENTS.



WE will not attempt to describe the joy of the first meeting, the night of Mr. Harrington and Edward's arrival at home. Edna had that morning received a telegraphic despatch from her father, so that their coming did not take the family by surprise.

Tea was awaiting them when they arrived ; but the joy of their coming had entirely taken away the appetite of both mother and daughters. Edna, with her nice womanly tact, kept up an animated

conversation with Richard and her father. Mrs. Harrington, however, scarcely spoke, but sat like one entranced, gazing fondly at her son. She made a great effort to control herself, but tears would come in spite of all she could do.

After they had risen from the table, Mrs. Harrington came to her husband and said, "Oh, I sometimes think joy is almost as hard to bear as grief."

"I have sometimes thought so myself," he said, as he tenderly locked his wife's arm in his and led her to her own room. "Let the young people entertain themselves a little while, and you lie down till you are more composed."

An hour later they joined the young people in the parlor, both looking calm and gratefully happy. Very pleasantly the evening passed, with music and conversation ; but at last the two little girls, who had scarcely left their brother's side

for a moment, began to look sleepy, and Edna proposed that they should say good night, and she would go with them to their room.

They arose to leave, but Mr. Harrington said, "Wait a moment, daughter; do not have them go just yet." He then turned to Louise and said, "Daughter, you will oblige me by calling in the servants and bringing me your mother's Bible."

When they were all seated, Mr. Harrington handed the Bible to Edward, who in a clear manly voice, read a chapter from the gospel by St. John. At the close of the reading, Mr. Harrington said, "Let us pray." And then, all kneeling down, the master of the house for the first time offered a fervent prayer in the presence of his family. There was scarcely a dry eye in the room.

Aunt Mary wept aloud, and as soon as she had risen from her knees, went to

Mr. Harrington and said, taking him by the hand, "This is what I have been praying for these twenty years. God be thanked that I have lived to see this day." And then going up to Edward, she said, "you a Christian too! I did not know it. Edna never told me."

"Yes, my dear old friend, I am trying, by God's help, to be one."

"Oh I feel like saying with that good old man who came to see the infant Jesus, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'"

"Not yet, auntie," Edward said, "we hope we shall have the blessing of your prayers for many years to come."

After the servants had withdrawn, and Edna and Louise had gone with the little girls to their room, Mrs. Harrington turned to Richard Marvin, and said: "I have been trying all the evening to

get an opportunity to thank you for what you have done for my son. My heart is full, but I cannot find words to express what I feel, for to you, more than any one else, I feel that I owe the happiness of this hour. I can repay you for what you have done for us, only by my love. Now you shall be to me as another son, second only in my affections to Edward himself."

"Richard was much affected, and replied: "Say no more, dear friend. I am more than repaid in the satisfaction I experience in having been of service to one whose friendship I value as highly as I do yours. As for Edward, I have loved him for years; and had I known he was in trouble, I should have gone to him, even though I had been compelled to cross the continent to reach him."

"Did n't I always tell you that he was

the best old fellow in the world, mother?" said Edward, laying his hand affectionately on Mr. Marvin's shoulder. "But to tell the truth, it has always puzzled me to understand what one so every way superior saw in such a scape-grace as me to love."

The mother looked at her son as he said this, standing there so tall and handsome, his expressive face lit up with enthusiasm, and certainly she can be pardoned if at that moment she thought it would not be hard for any one to love him.

"It was probably what your friend saw you were capable of becoming, more than what you were," Mr. Harrington said, "that drew you to him."

"And I will try, dear father, by God's help, not to disappoint either him or you."

"I believe you, my son."

Richard remained with his friends over the Sabbath, and on Monday morning bade them good-by, and returned to Boston, promising to visit them again at Christmas.

Edward proposed starting the same morning for New York, as Mr. Meredith was very impatient for his return; but Mr. Harrington would not hear of it.

"You are not strong enough to go back to the city," he said. "You ought not to think of opening a law-book for a month to come. If you can't content yourself here at home, take your mother and Louise and go down to uncle Nathan's. The fresh air will be a benefit to all three of you, and the old couple will be delighted to see you."

This proposition met the approval of all the family except the twins. In anything so pleasant as a visit to uncle Nathan's, they did not like to be left out;

but they soon became reconciled when they found Edna was not to go. Besides, she told them she was to have a picnic for her mission-school the coming week, and she wanted them to stay at home and help prepare for it.

The next day Edward, Louise, and their mother went down to the farm. They remained but two weeks. Louise said she had never enjoyed a visit better in her life, and her only regret was that she could not persuade Edward and her mother to stay longer. Edward said he had been playing the invalid long enough; that he was perfectly well now, and that he wanted to get back to his work; that he was rusting out every day he was idle.

The Sabbath after Edward's return from the country was the communion season of Dr. B——'s church. But very few of those who were present on

that occasion knew of the recent change in Mr. Harrington. Great, therefore, was their astonishment when, at the close of the sermon, in response to the invitation for those persons who desired to unite themselves with the church by a public profession of their faith, to present themselves, Mr. Harrington and his son rose, walked up the aisle, and took their places with a number of others in front of the pulpit.

The faithful pastor of the church, though he knew of their intention, and had had a long conversation with both father and son the day before, was so much affected that he could scarcely proceed with the services.

“God indeed moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform,” was the thought which filled his mind, as he looked upon this friend for whom he had so long prayed. How strange that,

when he was least expecting it, God had seen fit to touch his heart, and bring him to the feet of sovereign mercy in a way of which he had never dreamed. Ah, he would never doubt his heavenly Father again. There were many others in his congregation standing just where Mr. Harrington stood a few weeks ago. He would be more faithful to them, more earnest in prayer on their behalf. Even at the eleventh hour they too might be brought in.

Mr. Harrington, too, was deeply affected, and yet there was a calm and peaceful look on his face which those who had known him for years had never seen there before.

Edward, though deeply solemnized, stood by his father's side, and in a clear and distinct voice gave his assent to the articles of faith, solemnly promising to be an earnest and faithful follower of

the Lord Jesus Christ to the end of his life.

That afternoon Edward for the first time went with Edna to her mission-school. He made himself perfectly at home, took charge of a class of half-grown boys, heard them read, questioned them on their lesson, and then, after the lessons were all recited, and the books had been distributed, before the singing of the last hymn, he stood before the school and spoke to them most impressively from his own experience. He urged them to remember their Creator in the days of their youth, for no one could be truly happy till he was a Christian ; and his only regret was that he had allowed so many precious days and years to slip away before he gave his heart to the Saviour.

Tears were in Edna's eyes, tears which she could not keep back, as she

listened to the precious words which fell from her brother's lips, and thought of the wondrous change which grace had wrought.

And now that the trials and afflictions through which the Harringtons have so recently passed are over, outwardly life moves on with them in its accustomed way. Mr. Harrington, though past fifty, is still an active business man, and spends the best part of each day in his store.

The two little girls are still attending school; Edna and Louise, in quiet household duties, in receiving and returning the visits of their friends, and in their labors of love among the poor and destitute, find plenty to occupy their time. Their father, always liberal, is doubly so now. Having made a full and entire consecration of everything he possesses to the service of his Master, he feels that he is simply a steward of his goods, and

heartily joins with his daughters in every benevolent enterprise calculated to benefit his fellow-men or advance the cause of his Redeemer in the world.

Mrs. Harrington's health is much improved, and the weary anxious look which had almost become habitual, has now left her face, and in its place is one of sweet content. Long may this devoted Christian wife and mother be spared to be a blessing to her family, and the church of which she is so bright an ornament.

We must leave untold the after history of the younger members of the family and of their friends mentioned in these pages. Edna had a thousand occasions to rejoice in the healing Christian influence she had exercised over Lizzy in her time of need ; which led to her friend's gradual release from life-consuming melancholy, and her restoration to spheres of cheerful activity and usefulness.

As for Edna herself, no one needs to be assured that her future will be what the past has been, and yet more abundantly blessed to her and a blessing to others. Into a Christian home of her own, that heaven-appointed shrine for woman, we will not follow her. Our object has been simply to show the Christian daughter's influence in the home circle ; and we have no fears that so good a daughter will not make the very best of women in all the relations she may hereafter sustain.



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